LADIES' JOURNAL.

— DEVOTED TO —

LITERATURE, FASHION, DOMESTIC MATTERS, ETC. ETC.

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ONE STANDARD.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.

If a contented mind be a continual feast, then Mrs. Howard Ovington, of Cosmos Place, may be said to have occupied the place of honor at the festive board, Mrs. Ovington was an eminently contented woman.

Starting in life with a silver spoon in her mouth, she had only laid it aside for one of gold, in other words, from a petted and luxurious childhood she had passed to a still more petted and luxurious life. Her husband, her children, her house, her social position, herself, were all perfectly satisfactory. The inner serenity induced by such an exceptional state of things invested Mrs. Ovington's comely person with an air of easy complacency that was vastly becoming, and won for her a wide reputation for sweetness and amiability. At thirty-five she was fair and unfaded.

It must not be imagined that Mrs. Ovington was indifferent to the condition of that large class who have been born with pewterspoons or no spoons at all, in their mouths. It was one of her chief sources of satisfaction to be seen among the foremost in all charitable works. Particularly she gave time and money to the reformation of unfortunate women and children, and it was of a young person of this class that she was thinking as she stood at the mirror one wintry day patting into place the violet velvet bow beneath her chin.

"Yes," she said, half aloud, "I think I will trust her," touching the electric bell near the dressing-table.

A moment later there was a knock at the door, and a girl in house-maid's dress entered. She was very young, hardly full-grown, and a pleasant-looking girl yet something in her face testified to experiences belonging rightfully to no human being, least of all to one of her age. Yet it was not a bad face nor a bold one; there was sweetness in it, and an appealing look that seemed asking for confidence and sympathy. There was not much of either in Mrs. Ovington's manner as she spoke to her.

"Susie, I am going out. This chiffonier is to be exchanged. If the men call for it during my absence, take out the contents, and arrange them in the new chiffonier in precisely the same order as now. The key is in the upper drawer."

"Very well, ma'am. I'll be careful," said the girl, with a pleased look.

"I am afraid it is a good deal of a risk," said the lady to herself as she swept down the stairs. "I never quite trust these reformed girls. Still, Susie was never charged with stealing, and there is nothing in the chiffonier but underwear and some sashes and scarfs. Besides, Mrs. Burton, our president, particularly charged me to let the girl see that she is trusted. I suppose it is all right."

When Mrs. Ovington came home that evening she found the new chiffonier in place, and a glance showed her that her directions had been faithfully carried out.

"She is a handy little thing," said the lady, as she turned the key and went down to dinner. "Mrs. Burton was right. She is going to prove a treasure.

A few days later Mrs Draper was entertaining her friends Mrs. Flaxman and Mrs. Rose at an informal, cozy little luncheon, such as intimate friends delight in. As the ladies were laying aside their wraps in the guest-chamber, Mrs. Flaxman, a pretty, stylish woman, with a bright, careless face, exclaimed:

"What a lovely chiffonier! New, isn't it, Fanny?"

"Oh yes! That is, I have just bought it, and bought it for new, of course. But thereby hangs a tale. Fancy, when I came to use it, I found some difficulty with one of the drawers, and pulling it out to investigate, just see what I found!"

Here Mrs. Draper produced from the chiffonier some articles of woman's wear, which she exultingly displayed.

"How perfectly lovely!" Mrs. Flaxman. "This is an imported cape; the lace on it is worth at least five dollars a yard. And what an exquisite scarf! You lucky creature!"

"*Isn't* it? I think I got even with that man selling me the chiffonier for new."

"I should say so, indeed. Have you heard of anything like it, Margaret? Isn't Fanny lucky?"

The face of Mrs. Rose, thus addressed, was a study. At first smiling, then surprised, incredulous, confused; "I—I don't think I understand," she said, hesitating. Then looking Mrs. Draper wonderingly in the face, "Of course you are not in earnest, Fanny!"

Mrs. Draper cast a bewildered glance from Mrs. Rose to the other lady, flushing hotly. "In earnest?" she repeated.

"About keeping those things," said Mrs. Rose, quietly, the confusion in her face giving way to pain, and something more than pain.

Perhaps if the two had been alone, the answer might have been different, but as Mrs. Draper stood embarrassed and doubtful, evidently overwhelmed with an entirely new thought, Mrs. Flaxman broke in, with a good-natured, mischievous laugh:

"Of course Fanny will keep them. What else should she do? Take them back to the man that tried to deceive and take advantage of her? Ridiculous? Come, Fanny dear, don't stand there looking like a criminal at the bar. You must not mind Margaret. If every one tried to live up to *her* standard, a nice muddle things would get into!"

"Is there more than one standard of right!" said Mrs. Rose, gently.

"Certainly there is," promptly responded Mrs. Flaxman, tossing her handsome, saucy head. "There are no end of standards. Take my advice, Fanny, and follow the world's, or you'll rue the day you were born into a civilized community. There, Margaret, don't preach! We are going to have lobster *farci* for luncheon. Don't spoil my appetite.

Mrs. Draper all this time had not uttered a word. Her laughing girlish face was clouded almost to the verge of tears, A kind-hearted but impulsive and undisciplined little woman, it evidently cost her an effort to control her feelings, but it was successful, and when she turned from restoring the articles to the drawer, she was almost herself again, and the three went down to the drawing-room, talking as cheerfully as if nothing had occurred to jar the harmony of their meeting.

Soon after the pleasant luncheon was over, Mrs. Rose, who was a widow, supporting herself and mother by music teaching, went away to fulfil an engagement. For some time the two left together sat by the open fire talking over their pretty fancy-work.

"Yes," Mrs. Flaxman answered, but without much enthusiasm, "she is a fine woman; but she has strange ideas."

"I don't know," Mrs. Draper said, musingly—"I don't know that her ideas are strange, except that they are nobler than other people's, generally. I often wish I could be like Margaret."

"I don't then," promptly returned Mrs. Flaxman. "I should be perfectly miserable. The moment you begin setting up a higher standard, and running against custom, and precedent, people begin to mistrust and dislike you. I could't bear it. And it isn't necessary, either. The day for martyrdom is over."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Draper again, slowly Then, with sudden warmth: "That is the trouble with me—I *never* know! Whatever I decide to do, I always wish I had done the other thing. I let Mr. Draper decide for me as often as possible," she added, laughing, but not very mirthfully. "It relieves me of so much responsibility."

"That is not my way," Mrs. Flaxman said, with a wilful air. "I like my own way, decidedly, and on all occasions, and I am perfectly willing to take the consequences. As for Maragaret, don't wear yourself out trying to be like *her*. You'll never succeed; and it's just as well. You are quite good enough for *this* wicked world, my dear."

Mrs. Draper joined in her friend's laugh; but when she had gone she stood alone in the guest-chamber, conscious of a strange depressing influence. A bit of the beautiful lace scarf hung out of the drawer of the chiffonier; she tucked it out of sight with impatient movement.

"Yes, Margaret *is* too exacting," she said, half aloud. "Still, in this case she may be right. I don't want the things. I will talk it over with Harry when he gets home from New York. He will tell me what to do. A day or two more or less won't matter."

The meeting of the Ladies' Home Mission Society was over, and most of the members had departed. A group of five or six remained, standing around Mrs. Burton, the president of the society, listening with interest to what she was saying.

"Yes, it is a sad case but we must not allow ourselves to be disheartened by it. We cannot expect success in every instance. I did have confidence in that girl, I confess, and even now I don't consider the charge proved, though circumstances seem against her. I do wish Mrs. Ovington had not acted so precipitately."

Mrs. Draper, who had started to leave the room, turned and came up to the group, a look of inquiry on her face.

"We were speaking of the case of Susie Maxwell," said Mrs. Burton. "You remember—the pretty little girl we took from Dacres's concert-hall."

"What has happened to her?" asked Mrs. Draper, with singular intentness.

"You know she has been living with Mrs. Ovington. Yesterday Mrs. Ovington missed some articles from her chiffonier, and rather hastily, I think, accused the girl of having taken them. She reports that the girl denied the accusation, became violent, made a dreadful scene, and left the house. This morning Mrs. Ovington came to see me and was determined to have the girl arrested, but I prevailed upon her to wait a day or two. I went to Blake's Court, where the girl's old associates live, but could not find a trace of her. I am feeling very anxious; she was an impulsive, passionate creature. There is no telling what she may do. I shall leave no stone unturned to find her, but it may be too late."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed one.

"How sad!"

"How terrible!"

Mrs. Draper, almost unnoticed in the breaking-up of the group, had made her way to the pavement, and stood there, pale as ashes, dazed and trembling, for some moments. At last a resolute look came into her face, and stopping a passing car, she entered it, and ten minutes later found herself in the establishment of Primrose & Horton.

Mr. Horton himself came forward to receive her.

"You sold me a chiffonier two days ago," she said, without wasting time or words.

The merchant bowed.

"It was represented to me as new, but I have reason to think that it had been in use before. Is that true?"

The merchant looked puzzled a moment, then smiled a little ironically. "I remember now," he said. "The chiffonier had been sold to another party, who exchanged it in three or four days for one of another style. There was no deception practised. All that we sell is subject to exchange within a given time. Surely you cannot object to the article on that ground madam."

"Would you be kind enough to give me the name of the person who had the chiffonier before I had it?" asked Mrs. Draper, looking so pale that the merchant was alarmed and proffered a chair.

He seemed to hesitate.

"I must know who it was," said Mrs. Draper. "There is a reason for it. If it must be given, there were some articles in one of the drawers that I wish to return in person."

"In that case I cannot refuse," said the merchant, and hastily wrote a few words on a card.

Mrs. Draper's convictions were strengthened as she glanced at it.

Mrs. H. Ovington,
No. 300 Cosmos Place

In a very short time she was seated in a splendid drawing-room before that imposing personage.

"I came from the meeting of the Home Mission," Mrs Draper began at once. "I heard there of your trouble with Susie Maxwell. The girl is innocent. The articles you missed are at my house."

"May I ask—" began Mrs. Ovington.

"An explanation? Certainly."

And Mrs. Draper hurriedly related the circumstances. Mrs. Ovington sat silent, with heightened color.

A feeling of resentment against Mrs. Draper sprang up in her breast. Why, since she had kept silent so long, had she not remained so, and spared her the annoyance and humiliation that would be hers if the matter were made public?

Perhaps, whispered a waiting demon, it is not too late now. Perhaps Mrs. Draper might be induced to keep the matter between themselves. It would be worth her while considering Mrs. Ovington's social influence. She looked at Mrs. Draper fixedly, a strange glitter coming into her eyes, a forced smile to her lips.

"You were very kind," she said. "It is a pity you gave yourself so much trouble about so small a matter. May I ask if you have mentioned the matter to anyone?"

"Not to-day. I showed the articles to two of my friends yesterday. I had not decided what to do about them" (Mrs. Draper colored here painfully). "But when I heard what had happened to Susie, I suspected the truth, and went at once to Primrose & Horton's, and from there to you. I am distressed at my delay," she went on, her eyes brimming; "But I hope it is not too late to repair the harm done, in some degree at least."

Mrs. Ovington still wore that strange look. Apparently she had not heard the last words. "You told no one at the meeting?" she asked, eagerly.

"No one."

"Then," said Mrs. Ovington, in her most gracious accents," "you will oblige me *so* much by keeping the matter between ourselves. It will prevent so much disagreeable talk, you understand. People are so ready to attack any one at all—er—prominent, you know."

"But you do not mean to leave Susie to rest under the false charge?" asked Mrs. Draper in amazement.

The other lady's face clouded. "Oh, of course I shall take occasion to let her know that the things have been found," she said, loftily.

Mrs. Draper rose. "Then you do not feel like going with me to find the girl?" she asked, with repressed excitement.

"I see no necessity for haste," coldly answered the other.

"Then," said Mrs. Draper, with what Mrs. Ovington regarded as most ill-bred heat, "I shall go without you. I feel a great sense of responsibility for what has happened, for, though I discovered the missing articles too late to have prevented the accusation being made, my delay has prolonged the girl's sufferings, and I cannot rest until she is found. I am glad, for *your* sake, that you can acquit yourself so easily. Good evening."

Mrs. Draper was a little woman without much "presence," but as she said this she became positively majestic in her indignation, and swept from the drawing-room with an air that left Mrs. Ovington—the stately, complacent, queenly Mrs Ovington—divided between shame and wrath.

For some moments she stood silent and pale, nursing her indignation against the woman who had undertaken to dictate to her in a matter of duty. Then another thought occurred to her. Mrs Draper, in her excited state, might do her, Mrs. Ovington, a great deal of harm. It would not do to have it said that she had refused to make reparation for the unintentional wrong she had done. Besides, it would sound well that she had gone in person to hunt up

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the missing girl; so, though she shuddered at the thought of Blake's Court, with a very agreeable sense of her own noble unselfishness and virtue, she ordered her carriage, and was soon on her way to that notorious locality.

Blake's Court differed in no essential from places of the same sort elsewhere. It was the home of poverty and degradation; a hot-bed of disease, moral and physical. By day it was disgusting, by night dangerous; but it was still light when Mrs. Ovington's carriage stopped before the tenement-house where the "friends" of Susie Maxwell resided. In response to the lady's reluctant rap at the first door opening from the common entry or vestibule, a crowd of women and children began to gather from all directions and surrounded her, listening with curiously inimical attention to her inquiries.

At first there was a general protestation of ignorance on all points. Then a coarse, handsome girl, attired in fragments of cheap finery, and with her head bristling with curl-papers, pushed her way to the front.

"Ye say as how it's a matther of importance ye'd be wantin' to see Susie Maxwell 'bout?" she asked, with a sharp glance.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ovington, with dignity. "Do you know where she is to be found?"

"I'm not sayin' I does, an' I'm not sayin' I doesn't," scornfully responded the girl. "But if ye've a message for Susie, I'll undertake to deliver it to her, if so be I happens to meet wid her ony time."

Mrs. Ovington regarded helplessly the young woman's cunning, bad face. If she knew Susie's whereabouts, as was highly probable, it would be useless to ask her to reveal it. Besides, it was more agreeable by far to leave the message. "Very well, then," she said, much relieved; "if you see Susie, tell her that the lady she has been living with has been here, and wishes her to know that the little matter which caused the trouble has been explained, and things are all right again. If she will go to the president of the Home Mission, she will hear all the particulars. And"—turning to go, with an uncomfortable sense of a score of pairs of unfriendly eyes upon her, she added loftily—"and you may say that I am very sorry such a mistake occurred. *Good*-evening!"

The final clause cost Mrs. Ovington a tremendous effort, and it is to be hoped that the recording angel made the most of it.

"It's *sorry* yo are, ye blarneyin' old Pharisee!" cried the girl, looking after the retreating carriage. Then, with a mocking "Good-evening!" cleverly imitated from Mrs Ovington's own, she pushed through the slatternly throng, climbed three flights of stairs, and unlocking the door of a small front room under the eaves, entered, closed the door, and stood with her back against it, regarding the figure of another girl who was stretched upon the bed, face downward.

"Susie darlin'," said the girl who had entered.

The figure on the bed did not change its attitude of abandon and despair.

"Susie darlin', I've good news for ye!"

Now the girl turned a tear-stained, miserable face toward her.

"Susie," said the other, coming nearer, "the lady herself has been here, an' it's all right, she says. The matther has been explained, m'anin' belike that the things has been found, an' if ye'll go back it'll be all right agin."

"I'll see her dead first!" cried Susie, passionately, starting up. "She that accused me of stealin', right before the children, too, an' wouldn't listen to a word I said! I'll see her dead first!"

The other girl burst into a laugh. "I like that," she cried. "That's the way to talk, Susie dear. Just give them hypocrites the cold shoulder, an' come back to your old friends as niver wint back on ye. Bad cess to thim stuck-up foine ladies, with their soft spache an' lyin' promises! Didn't we all tell ye how it would be? I tell ye, Susie, *'tain't no use tryin.'* Once git a bad name, an' ye won't git shet of it this side o' purgatory. There's always somebody a-turnin' up to throw it in yer face, Susie dear. Now take a friend's advice, an' come back to yer old friends. Yer free now, an' it's Dan Dacres as'll be plased to wilcome ye back the night; an' all the boys an' gals'll be out in full force. Come, thin, darlin'!"

"Oh, I can't! I can't do that!" sobbed Susie, throwing herself back on the bed. "Don't ask me to do it, Nora—don't! You don't know! After livin' where everything was clean and beautiful and quiet, and bein' with those sweet little innocent children, and never hearin' a wicked word! No, no, Nora, I couldn't go back to Dan's after that. Indeed I couldn't. Oh, I'll throw myself off the dock first! And I guess that'll be the end of me yet."

The face of Nora had darkened while Susie was talking brokenly, with passionate sobbing. Now it was black with anger. "Thin' *jump* off the dock!" she said, with an oath; "it's the best place for such as ye," and, muttering fiercely, Nora flung herself from the room.

When Mrs. Draper left Mrs. Ovington's home there was still, as has been said, an hour of daylight left—such daylight as a clouded sky and the waning afternoon permitted. After walking several squares through the chilly air, her excitement began to yield to fatigue, and she stopped a moment, hesitating. She had been out since one o'clock; it was near upon the dinner hour; there seemed to exist every reason for returning home.

"To-morrow will do as well," she said, half aloud. Then, with a sense of shame and remorse, added: "What do I mean? It must be done now, this very hour!" and she hurried onward.

At the door of a small house in an unfashionable street Mrs. Draper stopped a quarter of an hour later, rang, and asked for Mrs. Rose. She was not yet in, but was expected soon, and entering, Mrs. Draper resigned herself to wait. The half-hour seemed endless, but at last Mrs. Rose came in.

"Why, Fanny, what an unexpected pleasure!" she exclaimed, brightly. Then seeing her visitor's face: "Why, what ails you? What has happened? Is anyone ill at home?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Draper forcing a smile. "If there were, I should not be here, of course. Sit down here, Margaret, and let me tell you. No, don't take off your wraps yet. Listen! You remember the things I found in the chiffonier? You were right, Margaret. They were not mine. I was no better than a thief to think of keeping them. I knew it when you looked at me as you did, but I would not acknowledge it. I was troubled and miserable all night, but I could not decide just what to do, and so I delayed. At the ladies' meeting I heard that Mrs. Ovington had accused a servant—"

"Susie Maxwell!" exclaimed Mrs. Rose, changing color.

Mrs. Draper nodded and continued: "Accused her of taking those very articles, and the girl left in great

FIG. 28.—No. 4581—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 12½ yards, or of 42-inch goods, 6¼ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3⅞ yards of 42-inch material, 3⅛ yards of silk, and 3½ yards of fringe will be required for each size.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches 2 yards; 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36 inches, 4¼ yards; 38 inches, 4 1-2 yards; 40 inches, 5 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2⅛ yards; 36 inches, 2⅛ yards; 38 inches, 2¼ yards; 40 inches, 2 1-2 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1⅜ yards of 42-inch material, 1 1-2 yards of silk, ⅛ of a yard of velvet for revers and belt, and 1 1-2 yards of fringe will be required for the medium size.

No. 4582.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

excitement, and, Mrs. Burton says, cannot be found. I have been to see Mrs. Ovington. She refused to go with me to look for her, and even wished to keep the fact that the things are found a secret between ourselves. I left her in a state of righteous indignation at my refusal. Dear Margaret, come with me to look for the girl. If anything has happened to her, my punishment will be greater than I can bear."

"There is only one thing to do," said Mrs. Rose, rising, "we must take a detective and a carriage and go to Blake's Court."

After giving some directions to the servant, and despatching a telephone message to Mrs. Draper's family, the two soon found themselves on the way to Blake's Court.

"You knew the girl?" asked Mrs. Draper.

"Very well. I had her with me several days, and would have been glad to keep her, but she was passionately fond of children, and Mrs. Burton thought their influence over her would be good. I am surprised at Mrs. Ovington, but I suppose she has never known enough of the hard side of life to develop her sympathies. It is not everyone who knows how to deal with a case like Susie's."

It was early in the evening when Blake's Court was reached. The intense cold had cleared the pavements of loafers, but in almost every window lights twinkled, and from basement groggeries and low places of of all sorts a confused melody of voices, disputing, singing, laughing, rose and fell discordantly.

Followed by the two ladies, who remained on the steps outside, the detective entered the vestibule of the tenement-house which Mrs. Ovington had left an hour previously, and rapped loudly on the first door. A hush, followed by a dispute as to who should answer the summons, succeeded. Then the door was partially opened.

Gently insinuating one powerful shoulder into the aperture, the officer surveyed the interior coolly a moment and remarked: "I see you know me, Dave McMahon; but don't get uneasy. I ain't after you, nor any of your folks—not to-night, I ain't. I'm after wantin' information about a missin' girl—Susie Maxwell by name."

The man addressed as Dave McMahon exchanged a word or two with one of the women present, and now muttered, surlily; "I ain't afraid of nothin', 'cos I 'ain't done nothin'. I'm only a honest laborin'-man as knows his rights, an' wants 'em—an' means to git 'em, too; an' I don't meddle wid women folks' business. But Mary here says as how she knows thim as knows where the gal is."

"Well, then, out with it!" said the officer. "I've got ladies with me that is friends to the girl, an' mustn't be kept waitin' in the cold."

"If it's Susie Maxwell ye're afther wantin'," said a big sly-looking woman, in the softest of Irish accent, "it's mesilf as hasn't laid eyes on her at all, at all; but I've heard as how she was okypyin' the bedroom wid wan o'me lodgers—Nora Macafferty be name; an' if ye wish, sure I'll go up an' see if she's in at the present toime."

"Go ahead, then," said the officer, shortly; "and the quicker the better."

The woman mounted the stairs, pushing aside the crowd of women and children which had gathered on the various landings at sound of the officer's voice.

In a moment she came down, looking a little uneasy. "Sure, sir, it's impty the room intirely, sir! It's me opinion as how—"

"You folks up there," interrupted the officer, "have any of you seen a young girl leave the house recently?"

A chorus of excited denials in every pitch of the human voice. Then a piping child-voice, rendered unsteady by a violent shaking administered by some hidden hand, made itself heard:

"Please, mister, I seen some one a minit ago goin down the back stairs wid a shawl over her head."

Mrs. Rose touched the officer on the arm. "I think," she whispered, "that I saw some one hovering about the alley, but I am not sure."

The officer came out, closing the door behind him. There was an alley at one side, communicating with the rear of the tenement. The light from a glaringly illuminated saloon opposite lit up the entrance to this alley, but farther down it was densely dark.

Approaching the place, closely followed by the two ladies, the detective entered a few steps, lit a taper, and looked about him. A slight figure, wrapped head and shoulders in a shawl, was seen cowering against the wall. Almost instantly it darted forward, and would have passed the officer, but a strong hand detained it.

"Let me go!" cried a desperate girl's voice. "You can't take me. I haven't done anything: the lady herself will tell you so. Go and ask her. Let me go, I say! I will not be stopped. I will not be taken to the station-house. I'll die first!"

Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Draper had come quickly forward. "Susie," said the former, "don't be afraid. No one has anything against you. You are free to go where you please. No one can stop you."

The girl had ceased struggling at sound of the gentle womanly voice. All four had moved forward, and were now standing in the light. The shawl had slipped from Susie's head, showing her pale young face, discolored with weeping and haggard with want of sleep. She gazed with parted lips at Mrs. Rose, her hands working nervously at the shawl.

"You remember me, Susie?"

"Indeed, yes, ma'am. You were the sweetest and kindest of them all. I wish I'd staid with *you*, but I s'pose it'd been the same in the end. As Nora says, once get a bad name, an' it,ll stick to ye forever," she added, with a reckless laugh, followed by another burst of tears.

"Susie," said Mrs. Rose, taking the girl one side, and speaking very low, "I know how you have suffered. There is no greater suffering than to be falsely accused, and it is no wonder, poor child, that you are heart-sick and discouraged."

"I was tryin' so hard!" sobbed the girl.

"I know, dear—I know. It was a cruel thing, but it is over now. And, Susie, I want you to come home with me to-night. Just for one night. I promise you that if you wish to come back here to-morrow, no one shall prevent you." At this moment the door of the saloon and concert hall was opened, emitting a louder burst of discordant sounds, a fiercer glare of light. Susie had made no answer to the words of Mrs. Rose. Now she turned her face toward the open door. Mrs. Rose laid her hand on the girl's arm. "Susie, it is not for *that* you hesitate to go with me?" she whispered.

The girl started, and clung to her frantically. "No, no," she cried. "Take me away, quick, before they see me. I'll die before I'll go back to Dan Dacres's."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Draper, fervently—"thank God!"

Susie Maxwell is still with Mrs. Rose. Every time Mrs. Draper sees her there, bright, happy, growing into an able, good woman, she repeats a prayer of thanksgiving, shuddering at the thought of what might have been the consequence of her own thoughtless error.

"You are right, Margaret," she has often said to her friend—"There *is* but one standard for our guidance, and that is God's."

Mrs. Cleveland is scholarly enough to read understandingly and enjoy the English versions of Homer.

FIG. 25.—No. 4586.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34 inches, 13 1-2 yards; 36, 38, 40 inches, 14 1-4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, inches, 6 3-4 yards; 36, 38, 40 inches, 7 1-8 yards.

If made as illustrated 4 7-8 of 42-inch material, 4 yards of 21-inch velvet, 2 1-8 yards of braid trimming will be required for each size.

For this costume we would recommend velvet, or silk and woolen or silken fabrics, with fringe or passementerie on the front and panel edges. The back is full, and the skirt portion gathered on below the waist-line, with princesse side pieces and a slightly draped front, a view of which is shown elsewhere in this issue. The jacket-fronts open over a vest of folds crossed at the waist-line under a soft belt confined by a buckle. Full sleeves, and a high collar of velvet like the side forms, and jacket pieces. Pattern No. 4586, price 35 cents.

The Craze for Violets.

The craze of the day as regards headgear is for bonnets of a diminutive description. So far the preference has been given to violets. Sometimes it is a scraping lace with a bunch of purple violets on one side, sometimes a wreath of violets with no crown at all, but most frequently the whole crown, made flat to the head, is covered with Parma violets, while a bow of ribbon matching in hue is placed erect at the the back of the bonnet. So universally worn is this flower that a little niece of mine amused herself one Sunday at church parade in Rotten Row by counting the violets she passed and in ten minutes she had arrived at seventy. As a result violets threaten in a few weeks to be *mal portees*, and I was told the other day by Lady Granville Gordon, who trades under the name of Mme. Lierre, that several of her most elegant customers had already declined to be seen wearing the prevailing blossom. Its place will be taken by other spring flowers, especially lilacs, hyacinths and cowslips.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is pronounced by all who use it to be the best in the market. When you buy, buy no other. Only five cents.

The Secret of all Good Work.

To change vague and aimless wishes to strong and effectual desires is an important part of all improvement. It is the earnest and perserving effort to do the present duty in the best possible manner, to relax no power in its discharge, and to waste no time in lamentations over what might have been, that is the secret of all good work and the element of all progress.

There are cases where moderate gum chewing is positively healthful. Bolting one's food is the besetting national weakness. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti after each meal.

FIG. 26.—No. 4584.—LADIES' POLONAISE. PRICE 30 CENTS.

If made as illustrated, 3½ yards of 42-inch material, 1¾ yards of velvet, and ½ yard of fringe for the vest will be required for each size.

This design cuts from 30 to 40 inches bust measure, and the quantity of material required for each size of 21-inch goods, 8 yards, or 42-inch goods, 4 yards; silk for sash, 2 1-4 yards.

Cashmere and velvet are illustrated in this polonaise, which is worn over a plain skirt. Velvet forms the sleeve-tops, collar, vest, and sash, with the princesse polonaise of the woolen goods. Garniture of tinsel braiding. Pattern, No. 4584. Price 30 cents.

Joan of Arc and the City of Rouen.

Historically, Rouen will ever be memorable as having been the scene of the imprisonment, trial, and execution of Joan of Arc, the heroine of France *par excellence;* who has furnished themes without number poets, novelists, and historians, and who is worthy of all their eloquence. After nearly five centuries of time the name of the Maid of Orleans still has power to thrill one with deep emotion, proving that what is great and good never dies.

It was in Rouen that she was examined, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death. It was here that the English and the French both eternally disgraced themselves. It is in vain that they have canonised her in vain that they have named streets after her, and erected statues to her memory; they cannot undo the deed. In vain that the wicked Bishop of Beauvais, her accuser and unjust judge, afterwards publicly confessed his wickedness; it could not bring her back to life. It is to the everlasting shame of the English that they put her to death but to the yet greater shame and disgrace of the French that her own countrymen betrayed her. The Bishop of Beauvais was French and the false priest, who was introduced into her cell under the guise of friendship, in order to learn her secrets, was French also. There seem to be no depth of wickedness of which human nature cannot at time be guilty; and, as in the days of old, men were possessed of devils, so possessed they must still be occasionally. The simplicity, the bravery, the purity, ohe high and successful mission of the Maid of Orlean tnly seemed to harden the hearts of her accusers. oAfter a public trial—if that could be called a tria which tended all one way and of which the conclusion was fore-gone—she was burned as a witch in the year 1431 in the square which bears her name and on the spot now marked by a monument erected in the worst possible taste.

She was taken prisoner at Compiegne, but her own people made no attempt to rescue her, and Charles VII. seems to have been perfectly indifferent as to her fate. She had re-established his throne and saved his kingdom, but it was all forgotten, and Joan was abandoned to her fate. Four centuries have rolled away but the memory and fame of Joan of Arc are as vivid as ever, whilst ten times four centuries will not blot out the shame of her enemies. After she was burned her ashes were collected by the public executioner and thrown into the Seine by order of the Cardinal of Winchester, one of the most vindictive of her pursuers. He and others witnessed her execution, and even gloried in her sufferings, interrupting the confessor who was supporting her by his presence, and bidding him conclude his office.

She was imprisoned in the Chateau Fort, a castle built by Philip Augustus in 1205, and destroyed by Henry IV. This castle was flanked by seven strong towers, of which only one remains. This one tower had fallen into the possession of les Dames Ursulines, a convent of nuns in Rouen, who were about to demolish it, when the town stepped in, bought it, and rescued it from destruction. In this tower, or one of the others, Joan of Arc, the maiden of Domremy, was imprisoned; and on the walls of this tower is a record of her famous reply to her accusers when before the tribunal, to the effect that though they drew untrue words from her under torture, and though they severed her soul from her body, yet truth and fact would ever remain. This tower is one of the remaining monuments of Rouen.

Tarnished Gold on Fair Throats.

Since gold-bead necklaces have again come into style and dealers have been placed frequently in a very delicate position when some lady has come in to complain that the necklace sold her was of inferior quality, as it croaked or blackened on her neck. Recent investigation and the experience of prominent storekeepers has disclosed the fact that this is due entirely to the contact of the beads with a neck upon which facepowder has been used. The smallest amount of powder, if the necklace be continually worn, is sufficient to cause this. To prove this let some jeweller make a jewel of purest gold, and write with it on a skin over which powder or fine dust has been strewn, and the result will be a distinct mark. It is a delicate thing to tell a lady that her fair neck is powdered, but the jeweller must either do this or admit the inferiority of his goods.

It was a sarcophagus maker who said it is never too late tomb end.

Fads of the Fair.

Rubber corsets sell at $25 a pair and are worn by women with athletic propensities, who are willing to pay any price for the means of grace.

The swagger girl is advancing. There is nothing more certain than her arrival. She will come with chamois brown spots on her low shoes, a pork pie perched on the side of her head, a four-in-hand tied about her choker, and ornamented with a mastiff scarf pin and her thumbs in the pockets of a Summer blazer. Her success remains to be seen.

Through the Winter fashion was all neck. Now she is no neck, as any one will see who studies the styles in the reviews or the promenade. The medici collar is fighting its way up to the ear lobes of beauty, although with the warm days of June it will be neither comfortable nor enduring. The dress collar bands put on tailor-made suits are dudishly high, cut on the bias and stiffened with canvas to make them stand.

Somebody has invented a sweet rouge and named it Patti paste. This unctious cream is the color of a poppy leaf, and, besides being curative, tints the lips a healthy, natural red. Like the albuminous cream that bakers frost their cakes and patties with, it has a satiny, shiny gloss on the lips, and is as firmly set when dry as the epithelium itself. With it a girl can do as much kissing, sipping, eating and lip-biting as though the crimson had been ingrained by nature.

The Princess of Wales uses a cosmetique the nature of which the ladies in her court would willingly pay dear for. Although nearly fifty years of age Her Highness has a complexion as smooth in texture and as delicate in tint as the beauty of a school girl. It will stand the closest scrutiny, the test of sunshine and the electric lantern, and is proof to handkerchief and lorgnette. Even the famous Patti has endeavored to penetrate the secret of the royal beauty box, but without success.

The study of partly peeled oranges on a velvet cloth, called "Still Life," and described in the catalogue of the Exhibition in Whitechapel as "unfinished," was painted by the Empress Frederick during her husband's illness, and as that great and brave man grew worse the devoted wife was compelled to lay aside her brush. Then, when the worst had happened, the associations were too painful to permit Her Majesty to resume work upon it, and so she presented it to Sir Morell Mackenzie in all the pathos of its incompleteness.

Among the many brilliant women who came as delegates to the Federation of Women's Clubs were Lady Brooke, President of the Bond Street Club in London and one of the noted beauties of English society; Dr. Emma Brainard Ryder, President of the Sorosis Club of Bombay, India; Mme. du Morsier, President of the Woman's French club of Paris, and Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, who came all the way from merry old England as foreign correspondent. The American delegates represent eighteen States and sixty-six clubs.

With the smart tailor-made skirt the swagger dudine will wear a silk shirt, spotted or embroidered in the Russian style and belted in with a silver chain or ribbon. Over this goes the cloth blouse, made of some fancy goods, lined with silk and faced with dust brown or jocky colored satin. These blouse jackets fit loosely and are made exactly like the blazers that brightened the tennis field a year ago. Another fad for the progressive young woman's trousseau is the cutaway coat, closed with two buttons, over a waistcoat of bird's-eye white or bise linen.

Plaid gowns call forth plaid parasols, and a great many are seen on the drive and promenade. Red tartans are not altogether charming, but the dark blue and bottle green with a pencil mark of red or yellow crossing the check are really tasteful. Other umbrellas are covered with peau de soir ornamented with black eiffel embroidery, the silk from which is cut away, leaving the points transparent. This is a pretty and quiet fancy. White and cream parasols are covered with accordion plaited tulle finished with a ruching of point d'esprit. Then there are rustic sun shades, with cherry and blackthorn handles and secured to the cover is a cluster of cherries, damson plumes, hazelnuts or wee apples. These fruits are made of stained bone and being new are certain of favor.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents.

Silk Handkerchiefs.

In these days of exquisitely dainty silk handkerchiefs, many ladies will be glad to learn how they may be washed and retain their original softness. First it is well to remember that they should never be washed or put into a tub with other clothes. Wash them in lukewarm water, and rinse two or three times in clear, cold water, without blueing. Wring them out, fold, and roll tightly in a cloth, and do not let them get dry before ironing.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum undoubtedly promotes digestion by inducing the flow of saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Thwarted.

When first we met it was agreed,
That we should banish Cupid,
She thought him simple; so indeed
Did I, and called him stupid.
"And what's the use," said she, "of his
Impertinent attendance?"
Adding, with zest, "My motto is,
A Friendly Independence!"

So in the waltz around her waist
She let my arm go stealing;
Meanwhile with constant gaze she traced
The cherubs on the ceiling.
And what I could not understand—
Though ignorance was pleasing
Was that her tiny plump white hand
Did not object to squeezing.

Then out of friendship I began
Directly to discover
That naturally girl and man
Grow into girl and lover.
I told *her* so; and when I did
Her maidest love confessing
Her face upon my breast she hid,
And Cupid asked the blessing!

"WASH-LADIES."

(CONCLUDED)

AN EMERGENCY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Prue and I were ironing at the same table on the Thursday morning after her adventure on the cliff road. She had been unusually silent and thoughtful ever since, and her sudden remark rather startled me, more especially as I had been wondering the same thing. But I said merely:

"He? Who?"

"Mr.—Brandon," replied Prue, strangely reluctant to give voice to the name.

"Oh—," I rejoined with affected unconcern, "I dare say the young gallant has forgotten all about us." I said "us" purposely, for I began to fear that the child was thinking more than was good for her peace of mind of the handsome young fellow.

"I dare say he has," with an unconscious sigh, assented Prue. "Perhaps he has heard that we are—washer-women."

"My dear Prue! what difference can it make to Mr. Brandon whether we are washer-women or any other kind of working women?"

"Not any, of course,' replied my dear little sister, her very tones betraying her secret care. "Don't you think he is very handsome?" after a pause she asked.

"By moonlight, yes," I answered.

"He is very good looking," emphatically asserted the child. "I've—seen him—at meeting."

"Oh!" I glanced at her out of the corner of my eye; her thoughts were too far away for her to notice me, or the peculiar intonation of my ejaculatory "Oh!"

"Yes; he was there last Sabbath with a very pretty girl,—they drove over from Fairford in a dog-cart."

"Hum." I fluted two ruffles before I asked: "Mr. Brandon is at the Fairford Hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes."

Here our conversation was suddenly terminated by Roxy Haines's bomb-like entrance from the laundry.

"Miss Beth, the young feller's comin', an' he's like to stop a spell, fur he's a-hitchin' his hoss to the gate pos'—"

A knock at the front door put a period to Roxy's excited speech.

"Oh Roxy, would you mind going to the door?" begged Prue, who was all a-tremble with embarrassment, gladness and a certain fear. "If he asks for—the ladies, we are at home—"

"Now, Prudence Pettigrew," reproachfully interposed Roxy. "As ef I wus jes' waitin' fur a chance to tell a fib! Of course I shell tell him you're to home—an' shell I fetch him right out t' the kitchen? or would you ruther I should tell him to set right down on the piazzy?"

"No, no, you vexatious Roxy," I interposed, laughing at the good soul's eagerness to please her favorite. "Show the gentleman into the sitting-room."

"An' what then?" demanded the imperturbable Roxy, to whom this sort of service was entirely new.

"Nothing; leave him there and come tell us."

"Tell you what?"

At this culminating stupidity, my patience vanished, and, pitying Prue's distress, I quickly snatched my sun-bonnet from its peg behind the door, pulled it so far over my face that Mr. Brandon could not possibly recognize me at the extreme end of the gingham tunnel, and saying to Roxy, "Never mind, Roxy, I'll let the gentleman in," hastened to the door. When I opened it, Mr. Brandon was already half way across the door-yard, on his way to the gate. He turned when he heard the door open and came back.

"I beg pardon," he said, taking off his hat, "I thought there was no one at home; I knocked twice. Is Miss Pettigrew at home?"

"Yes, sir, won't you walk in?"

I dare say the invitation was rather "rustic;" I could see the well bred attempt to repress the smile which rose to his lips as he crossed the threshold and followed me to the door of the sitting-room.

However Prue, who was usually so slow in making her toilet, had managed to dress herself in her best gown in so short a time, was a mystery to me, a spinster who had never yet experienced the tender passion. When I went back to the kitchen, there was the child putting the last touches to her collar.

"Is it straight? are my bangs all right?" she whispered. "You and Mally must come in too."

"He didn't ask for any one but me," I returned maliciously.

"For you!" incredulously repeated the child, the brightness fading from her eyes.

"Ain't I 'Miss Pettigrew?'" I asked.

"Oh!" with a sigh of relief, "you old tease!" She pinched my arm as she flew past me, and the next moment I heard her clear, even tones say: "Good morning, Mr. Brandon. I—"

What followed I could not hear, for the minx closed the door behind her.

Well, that was not the only call Mr. Brandon made. He came several times with books Prue had expressed a desire to read. He "happened" to be riding through the village and "just stopped to rest a bit" on our shady piazza. He walked home with Prue from meeting. Whatever brought him to our plain little meeting-house, away from the beautiful new chapel with its fine organ, at Fairford, I could not, just at the time, understand. Afterward, however, I learned that it was our Prue's sweet face that allured the fine city gallant, and I feared for my foolish young sister who was so happy in her delusion. One Sunday Mr. Brandon came as usual to meeting. He had hardly got seated in the same pew with me—from where he could see Prue at the organ—when I noticed that an unusual stir was going on back of us. I could see, by turning my head a trifle, that the eyes of the feminine portion of the congregation were directed toward two young ladies, strangers in Torrington, whom Deacon Granby had shown into a pew a little distance behind the one I occupied with Mr. Brandon. The young ladies, evidently "rusticators" from Fairford, were looking inquisitively around the house, careless of the observation they were attracting. One of them, the younger, whispered something to her companion, and nodded toward Mr. Brandon, at which both tittered; the sound would have been audible had not the choir, at that moment, begun the opening hymn.

Mr. Cope's sermon was longer than usual that morning, but it came to an end at last, and Prue was at liberty to come forward and, with her bright smile and happy eyes, to greet Mr. Brandon. We three walked together down the isle, leaving Marian to follow with the minister's wife, and as we drew near to the door I noticed that the young ladies from Fairford were standing just outside, evidently waiting for some one.

Mr. Brandon's face flushed when he caught sight of them, but he was as composed as usual when he got to the door.

"Aha! Master Laurence, you thought to escape from us again to-day, didn't you?" exclaimed the younger girl, while the taller and handsomer of the two said in a drawling, supercilious tone:

"Well, Larry Brandon! what on earth brings you over to this primitive 'meotin'-house'—I believe they call it—every Sunday? not the rhetorical attractions of the preacher, I'll wager."

"My fleet steed Ajax brings me over," lightly returned Mr. Brandon, dropping back to walk with his friends, and being in advance of them, Prue and I could plainly hear what they said,

"Come, Larry," jestingly urged the younger girl, "'fess up; that pretty organist is the loadstar? I know she is, for you never once took your eyes off her during the entire sermon—and wasn't it prosy? I thought you were above flirting, Master Prim!"

"Yes, Larry," added the more dignified elder girl, "I never dreamed that you would be guilty of trifling with a pretty rustic."

Unfortunately we did not hear Mr. Brandon's reply, for an inquisitive dame, at that moment, joined us, and asked who were the young ladies with "Prudence's beau." Yes, it had come to that; everybody in Torrington looked upon Mr. Brandon as "Prudence Pettigrew's young man,"—every body but Prue's own sisters.

"I don't know who they are," I answered shortly and drew Prue hastily with me down the path through the field,—the "short cut" home from the meeting-house.

We were walking quickly toward the stile when a step that was heavier than Marian's overtook us.

"What a pair of pedestrians you are!" breathlessly exclaimed Mr. Brandon, coming up in time to help Prue over the stile. Then with an air of proprietorship it vexed me to see, he took possession of the child's books and parasol and walked by her side down the path which was too narrow for three.

"I thought you would go back to Fairford with your friends," said Prue, whose face had brightened.

"There is room for only two in their dog-cart," he replied.

"But Ajax might have trotted alongside," persisted my foolish little sister.

"Yes, so he might, but Ajax's master preferred his usual Sunday stroll." This speech was accompanied by a meaning glance that I caught before he tilted the parasol over the blushing face at which it was directed.

Utterly oblivious to the hints the pair gave me to leave them to enjoy their stroll alone, I trudged persistently through the hot sunshine, keeping so close to Prue's side—although I had to wade knee-deep in the clover—that any tender speeches Mr. Brandon might have desired to whisper, would have been heard by me. At last finding me impervious to hints, Mr. Brandon took leave of us, first promising to fetch Prue some books on the morrow.

"Beth, those were the Briggs sisters," said Prue, after he had left us.

"If it is true that 'birds of a feather,' etcetera, then I think it is high time we were ignoring Mr. Brandon," I said with considerable acrimony.

"Mr. Brandon isn't a rogue," hotly contested Prue, turning her flaming eyes full upon me.

"He seems a familiar friend of rogues, then," I responded, becoming in my irritation, unjust towards the innocent girls. "Prue," I added in a gentler tone, "what is to be the end of this flirtation with Mr. Brandon?"

"Who is flirting with him?" she demanded, her cheeks aflame.

"*He* is flirting with you," I retorted. "Oh, you silly child! do you imagine that Mr. Brandon's attentions are serious—"

"I don't care what his attentions may mean," interrupted Prue, half-crying. "I admire him, he is so—so chivalrous—so different from the men about here—he is like the heroes in books."

"Fiddlesticks!" I ejaculated impatiently. "I'm ashamed of you, Prue Pettigrew! and I shall put a stop to Mr. Brandon's philandering—"

"O Beth," in a beseeching tone again interposed the child, "*please*—please don't say anything to him; he would think us so—so rustic. Indeed he has never given me the least cause to think he—he meant anything serious."

"Then there is all the more need for me to speak to him. We are only poor working girls, and he is a rich city man; folks are already coupling your name with his in a very unpleasat manner."

"He is going away next week,' forlornly observed Prue, "so don't say anything to him—please, dear old Beth! When he is gone, all will be over."

From my soul I pitied the child, and could I have had my wish just then, Mr. Brandon would have been relegated to antipodal regions, far enough from my foolish little sister.

All day long on Monday, and on the three days following, I could see that Prue was hourly expecting the promised visit from Mr. Brandon. But the entire week passed by, and he did not appear. I hardly knew whether I was glad or sorry. I was sorry for my poor darling, whose face grew daily paler; but I hoped that his neglect would cure her folly. She was really ill on Sunday, and Marian had to take her place at the organ. Mr. Cope had already begun his sermon, when the sound of wheels stopping at the Church door, drew every eye and ear from the minister; mine, of course, followed the general trend, and I was rather startled to see Mr. Brandon, whom I believed far enough away, enter the door with three ladies, one of them the elder of the Briggs sisters.

I noticed Mr. Brandon's look of disappointment when he saw that Marian, instead of Prue, was at the organ. I heard but little of Mr. Cope's discourse, and was glad when his "lastly" was concluded. Marian and I walked slowly with the crowd down the aisle to the door where we found Mr. Brandon waiting for us.

"I hope Miss Prudence is not ill?" he said in a tone of serious concern.

"She has a headache," I replied briefly and frigidly, and was passing him without further notice, when he said again:

"I am very sorry she is suffering, I hope she may be well enough to-morrow to see visitors. I should like to bring my sister over to see you. May I?"

I was so surprised by the unexpected seriousness of his manner, and by his request, preferred in the most courteous tones, that I can't be certain what it was I replied. Marian jocosely insists that I dropped a courtesy, and stammered, "Yes, if you please, sir." but I think—nay, I am almost sure that I said, "We shall be very glad to see Miss Brandon." When I recovered my usual composure, Mr. Brandon was explaining why he had not called during the week. He had been obliged, quite unexpectedly, to go home on Monday morning, and had returned to Fairford only late on Saturday evening.

This explanation I, of course, repeated to Prue, whose illness vanished with marvelous suddenness—so suddenly, indeed, that she declared herself sufficiently recovered to take her place at the organ at evening meeting.

"You girls must prink up a bit," urged the child the next morning at breakfast. "Roxy and Almira can get on very well without us while those people—Mr. Brandon and his sister!—are here."

Toward noon they came,—Mr. Brandon, his sister, and the Misses Briggs.

I opened the door in response to Mr. Brandon's familiar knock on the panel. He took off his hat, and waving his hand toward the sweet-faced girl by his side, said:

"I have brought my sister to see you, Miss Pettigrew. Mary, dear, this is Miss Pettigrew, one of the ladies I have been telling you about." Then he introduced the other two young ladies as his cousins.

In the sitting-room where Marian was sitting alone—Prue had run off up stairs under some pretence—the introductions were repeated, and before anything else could follow, the elder Miss Briggs said in a loftily patronizing tone:

"I want to thank the Miss Pettigrew who does my

gowns so beautifully. I never had so satisfactory a washer-woman; and I really wish you would consent to come home with us. I am sure my aunt would be willing to pay you very good wages."

Mr. Brandon's face turned scarlet; and if looks could kill, I think Miss Briggs would have been annihilated by the glance he flashed toward her. Even her sister's face reflected the disapproval seen on Miss Brandon's gentle countenance. I was on the point of replying to what I felt certain was intended as an insult when Mr. Brandon forestalled me.

"Beg pardon, Cousin Juliet," he said, "but if Miss Pettigrew will grant the favor I am going to ask of her, you will have to seek elsewhere for some one to 'do' your gowns." Then turning his back upon her he addressed me. "I hope, Miss Pettigrew, that you will pardon my rather premature declaration. I intended to pursue my suit in the orthodox manner, but, to spare you from further insult, I tell you now that I love your sister Prudence, and wish to make her my wife. I think—I hope, she loves me well enough to forget that I am kin to the man who defrauded her and her sisters and brought upon them their present misfortune, a misfortune you have all striven nobly to bear. If you will give me your sister, Miss Pettigrew, I shall make it the aim of my life to banish from your heart the remembrance of your very unpleasant experience as 'washer-woman' for the niece of the man who robbed you."

Well, of course, he and Prue were married, and the "Pettigrew washery" changed its name and its proprietors; Roxanna and Almira Haines became sole managers of the profitable laundry.

Mrs. Ireton, the aunt of Juliet and Virginia Briggs, and also of Mr. Brandon, at first strongly objected to what it pleased her to term her nephew's "mesalliance." But when she found that Laurence was determined, in spite of her objections, to marry Prue, she began to hunt up our ancestors, and, finding that our lineage was really very respectable, favored the project, and became quite fond of her new niece. On the child's wedding day Mrs. Ireton gave her a check, the amount of which equalled the sum we had lost in her brother-in-law's bank. This check Prue, with Mr. Brandon's approval, handed over to her sisters for their future use.

Juliet Briggs, who had been very much in love with her handsome cousin Laurence, was so incensed by his marriage with "a person who was so much his inferior," that she went to Europe; where we heard, only the other day, she married a haughty don, with a castle somewhere in Spain.

Commercial Value of Beauty

Mrs. Langtry's beauty was an endowment worth about $1,000,000, As a business venture she has paid interest at 6 per cent. on two millions, but then she has off years, such as the one three seasons ago, when she dyed her hair, and this year, when she is harassed in a grim, malignant, and rasping way by the gout. The Langtry's beauty was more productive of gold than the genius of Rachel, Rosa Bonheur, George Sand, Ouida, and George Eliot combined. In view of all this, why sneer at beauty on the stage? It makes the world wabble always on its beaten track, and casts a blush over the face of the moon.

Had Mrs Brown-Potter been as beautiful as she is reckless, she, too, might have been quoted in seven figures.

A vivid idea of the commercial value of beauty may be had when one considers the cases of one or two actresses conspicuously lacking in physical attractions. Agnes Booth would have been more than a second Adelaide Neilson if her superb figure had been crowned by a beautiful face. As it is she is undoubtedly the most capable and artistic actress in America, and her art has lifted her to a higher plane than nature at first designed. But the fatal gift is not there. Despite her maturity, she occupies a commanding position in the first stock company in the country; but whereas a statuesque and wooden Langtry makes $60,000 or $70,000 a year, the exquisite art of an Agnes Booth, unaided by beauty, must be content with one-sixth of that sum.

Theatregoers, according to dramatic experts, are growing weary of the older professional beauties. Lilian Russell and Pauline Hall have trained off a lot of superfluous flesh, but a good deal of the charm has gone. One does not like to think that they did not grow so, but were forced down to their present symmetrical lines by bicycle riding, a starvation diet, tremendous walks on dusty roads, and the renunciation of half the good things of life.

Many vegetables boil nearly tasteless in soft water. The addition of salt often causes the vegetables to retain their peculiar flavoring principles, beside much nutritive matter which might be lost in soft water. Thus it appears that salt hardens the water to a degree. For extracting the juice of meat to make a broth or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is best, since it much more readily penetrates the tissues; but for boiling meat when the juice should be retained, use hard water or soft water salted, put it over the meat boiling hot so as to seal up the pores at once.

There is nothing so nice for cleaning the outside of milk jars, crocks, etc., as a scrub brush made of broom straw. It should be kept only for that purpose.

Woman and Her Watch.

Perhaps a woman can't sharpen pencils and throw stones in just the orthodox way, but she can take care of a watch exactly to the Queen's taste, and her inventiveness as to the number of absurd and ridiculous ways of wearing it is only equalled by that displayed by man in formulating excuses for going out between the acts or getting in late from the club. Her ministrations begin with winding the watch, which she never thinks of doing unless she is going shopping or on a journey. Then, if she doesn't break the mainspring, she tucks the watch inside of her dress, where the multitudinous hooks and buttons scrape and scratch the case, and where it requires a half-hour's investigation when she wants to see what time it is. At night when she takes her dress off she forgets all about it, of course, and sends it whizzing under the bed or bureau as she throws back her bodice preparatory to wrestling her way out of it. If it stops she isn't at all disconcerted. With a serenity born of long experience she picks it up and shakes it until it ticks again.

After all it is only the unusually careful woman who wears her watch inside her dress, for the intricate fastenings of the fashionable bodices render it well nigh impossible. She has the happy fashion of tucking it into the pocket of her cloak or dumping it into the bottom of the bag she carries about with her, and which usually contains everything from curl papers to her marriage certificate, or tucking it away, along with half a hundred samples, her latch keys, and small change, in her portemonnaie. Jewellers have wise instincts, notice quickly and cater well to sweet woman's whims. They understand that there is no earthly use in remonstrating with women and explaining that it is their own fault that their watches never keep accurate time and are constantly in need of repair. No; they philosophically set about making little purses and card cases with a separate apartment for the watch and an aperture in the outside through which the hands may be seen; they set them in the bracelets to be clasped about the wrist; they introduce them into the handles of umbrellas; they bury them in the heart of flower petals with a pin at the back, and last of all they have produced the woman's dear delight—the chatelaine.

This octopus arrangement of silver or gold pins is put on at the side or slides over the belt or winds girdle-wise about her waist, but in any event it keeps the watch swaying and banging against all the other knives and smelling bottles and shears and things with which she burdens herself in a perfectly delightful way, which is warranted to thwart the purpose of the best disposed timepiece ever manufactured.

There is only one other way in which she shows her ingenuity to better advantage than in the matter of watch management. She can think of a few more things to do with a cross baby than she can with a watch, but not many.

What Choir Singers are Paid.

A soprano, in an average city, will be paid, as a beginner, anywhere from $200 to $300 per annum. As she becomes better known, and is in more thorough command of her voice, she will average from $500 to $800. Boston pays about $200 per annum better to choir singers than any other city in my knowledge. Several sopranos there receive yearly salaries of $1,000 and $1,200, and a few $1,500.

A woman with a good contralto voice will begin at an annual salary of $200 which, if she is successful, may rise to an average of $300. There are two churches in Philadelphia, I believe, which pay contraltos $400; but this, in cities outside of Boston, which as with sopranos, average about $200 higher, is unusual. And even a genuine alto—that rarest of things in these days—will command but from $200 to $400 per annum. The Hub, of course, does better than this, by adding $200; but, even with this addition, none of these salaries admit of much luxury in living, and salaries are rarely increased. Should a rival church make an offer for a voice, if the first church is desirous of retaining it, the rival's price is overbid, and the voice retained.

But this is the only reason, of which I have knowledge, for increasing salaries. However, it must be remembered that this salary is paid for singing only at two services, and for attendance at one or two rehearsals a week. All the rest of the singer's time is her own to dispose of as she pleases. Proves she an apt pupil to her new master, he will send to her, for instruction, scholars whom he has not the time to teach. Or, she may secure engagements to sing at different church concerts, or, laying aside her music, may take to sewing, painting, decorating, or any of the many ways in which girls are able to make a living. No work must be undertaken which will in any way conflict with the choir singing, for this remember, is the reason of her existence. She is first and before all else a singer; that is her profession. Let this never be forgotten.—*Ladies, Home Journal.*

Eugiene's health is failing rapidly, and only at long intervals is she seen in public.

A good frosting for cake: Do not beat the white of the egg until stiff, but just long enough to make it thin. One egg with ten tablespoonfuls of sugar will frost two large loaves. A good rule is to measure the white and to one tablespoonful of the thin substance use five of sugar—always the powdered.

Some Uses For Borax.

Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air-tight, will never be troubled with moths.

A little borax put in the water before washing red, or red-bordered tablecloths and napkins, will prevent their fading.

Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the fine dry powder very often.

Silver spoons and forks, in daily use, may be kept bright by leaving them in strong borax water several hours. The water should be boiling when they are put in.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes, and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

One of the best things to cleanse the scalp thoroughly, is to dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it in well Rinse thoroughly in clear water.

For washing fine nice flannels, nothing will cause them to look so nice as borax in the water, a tablespoonful of borax to a pail of water being the right proportion. Always wash baby's little flannel skirts, shirts, etc, in this.

Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have a pinch of borax. It keep the mouth fresh and sweet, and prevents that uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean.

When You Choose A Sweetheaat.

That's a delightful old word: just separate it and see what it means. It means a heart overflowing with sweetness that belongs to you and you alone, and the sweetness of the heart is that pure honey which we call love. Choose your sweetheart carefully, wisely and tenderly. Remember he is to be more than even this to you some day—he is to be your husband, for surely you are not one of the girls who has a sweetheart here, and one there, and gives a little love to this one and a little to that one, until when the real one appears the perfect bloom has gone from the peach and she cannot give him what he offers her.

You girls know very quickly when a man means more than mere ordinary friendship for you. You have an instinct that tells you that this big, good looking fellow has come sweethearting, and that is the time for you to study him a little bit. Think out if his temper and yours are certain to agree well together; think out if his tastes and yours are alike, or if they can grow to be so, for you know, little woman, if you want to be happy in your married life, you must learn the great and wonderful virtue adaptability. You must choose you a sweetheart as you do a new gown, so that he will wear well; but you want him for longer than a winter: he must last through the long summer days and through the winter ones, and before you put your hand in his and tell him that you are willing to fight out the battle of life together, think it all over well and remember that you are choosing your sweetheart not for a day or a year, but for all through life and, please God, if you love each other enough, for after death.

The Sweetest Word in the Language.

The word "Mamma" is one of the sweetest and dearest in the English language, and no girl should ever become so old as to forget to call her mother by that name. Some one may tell you it sounds babyish in the mouth of a girl eighteen or twenty years of age. But let no one, dear girl, persuade you from the use of it. It is the first word that you learn in babyhood—it is the last you should forget. You may substitute the word "mother," but it has not the same meaning either to you or to her. It has not the same sound of sweet confidence in it. God caused that word to be put into the languages of the world with a special purpose. Do not believe that you ever grow too old to use it. If men who have reached years of maturity feel that they can call their parent by that name, then you, my dear girl, can easily afford to do it. And I can count a score of full-grown men right on my fingers here who always address their mother as "Mamma," before company or away from it. And I think the more of them for doing it. And so does all the world. Likewise the world will think more of you. And you will feel better satisfied yourself, and give your mother that pleasure which it should be your duty, every day you live, to give her. Let it ever be "Mamma" and "Papa," no matter to what age you may live. Remember always one thing—you can never grow too big to show your parents all the little attentions of which the most loving of hearts is capable.

Crocks or saucepans made of fire clay are best to use when cooking oatmeal, custards, etc. Nothing sticks to the sides or bottom of them.

Put a dozen common marbles on the bottom of your preserve kettle, and you will not be troubled with your fruit becoming burned or scorched.

The Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order.

NOTICE.

Owing to the large number of prizes being issued from this office at present, and the great amount of work involved, we are reluctantly compelled to postpone the continuance of the names of the winners in the last competition until the July number of the JOURNAL.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

The reign of the blouse is not over—in fact, it seems to have just begun, judging from the many designs in vogue. Those of lawn extend outside of the skirt, and are full from the shoulders, with sleeves and rolled collar, though if of fine mull or nainsook they are daintily finished with a pleated collar and cuffs turned over, and a jabot down the front to the ribbon belt.

Sailor blouses are fashioned in many ways; they may have a slight yoke in the back and box-pleat down the front, or none at all, with a rolled, high, or sailor collar, turned-over or straight cuffs buttoned over or made in one piece, and shirt or leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The bottom of the blouse may droop low over the skirt, or it is held by a drawing-string around the waist-line, and does not show below the skirt belt, though all blouses should be cut fully four inches below the waist line in order to tuck well below the skirt.

New jerseys have full sleeves and jacket effects. One of fine gray has a collar, cuffs, yoke and girdle of fine black passementerie. Others have gathers or narrow pleats from the shoulders, with a silk or braided vest and yoke. Blue designs have white braiding on the sailor collar, V and belt. Black examples are made with a red silk vest tucked like a yoke, and then full to the waist-line under a curved jet buckle.

A handsome basque for a slight figure has a small pointed yoke of silk covered with cord passementerie, with a girdle shaped to the figure, thus confining the fullness of a plastron which opens in Breton-shape under jacket-fronts turned back to form a collar and revers; back in "habit" shape, high collar, and gigot sleeves. Another one has a pointed vest opened in the same manner, and the fronts hooked firmly down over it.

Sleeves are trimmed at the wrists with rows of buttons up the the front or back, from six to twelve in a row, and one to three rows. They are now worn longer, and while very full at the shoulder, are to the other extreme at the wrist. The style of sleeves different in color and fabric to the rest of the garment is a boon to persons remaking gowns, or possessing a short allowance of new goods, as they can fill out the vacancy with Bengaline, faille, or velvet, the latter being the most stylish and becoming.

House dresses in one-piece style have long fronts lapped at the waist under a pointed belt of velvet or passementerie, or the garment resembles a long princesse polonaise slightly caught up on one hip. Cashmere polonaises are worn over surah or faille skirts, the silk reappearing as a vest, if desired, though the other accessories are usually of velvet.

Home dresses of fine cashmere, veiling, or crepon have a full skirt, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and a basque having under-arm seams only, being shaped to the figure by tiny tucks extending above and below the waist line. Velvet ribbon trims such dresses, if they are not made of the "robes" that are embroidered along one edge.

A gown for a stout figure is of black and gold striped silk, made with a princesse back and pointed front, with skirt front and plastron of gold-embroidered net. Medici collar and jacket-pieces of Etruscan embroidery in gold Tosca beads. Full sleeves of the net over thin black silk. All bodice fronts are so elaborate as to be almost "fussy." Jackets-fronts are a fad of to-day. Backs are cut with a flat "habit" postilion, opened point, or sharp round.

The new styles of skirts, which are only a rearrangement, are given in "Home Dressmaking." Sides may differ; and narrow panels or fronts, but not both on one costume, may be edged with fringe. French dresses of thin materials are often caught up on one or both hips with one or three immense rosettes of velvet ribbon. Tartan skirts of surah will be worn with white lawn blouses. Black or gray surah petticoats are worn by *elegantes*, and trimmed with French lace edging and insertion.

Flowered silk muslin, with broad sash tied at the left side, sleeves and frill of plain, is much worn by quite young girls for evening gowns. There are lovely shades of flowers on pale-yellow, pink, and other grounds, and plain silk muslin to match. This simple style of gown, with the long gloves, and hair dressed at the top of the head, the short waist, puffed sleeves and large buckle, render the wearer similar to what her great-grandmother must have looked in the early part of the century. Tea-gowns, which are now so similar to dinner-gowns, are sometimes cut with a high stiff collar at the back of the neck, and in a square in front. The collar is composed of the material of the gown, the sleeves are of something different, and the trimming round the high square is of rich passementerie. If the sleeves are not long and flowing, they are full and transparent to the elbow tied with ribbon.

Many gowns have the short lace or net under-sleeves, as well as the long wing ones. Others have the front and elbow-sleeves of finely crimped crepe de Chine, or soft silk, drawn up to the top of the arm-hole, and puffed. An ornament is sometimes placed in the centre, pressing down the material, and giving the appearance of two divided puffs, one on each side of the ornament. The gown itself is of brocade or rich soft falling silk. A lace flounce is arranged as the front of some tea-gowns, while the same depth of lace trims the elbow sleeves, and falls in soft folds, and as long as possible. The lace is gathered up on the inside of the arm, just in the band, and the fullness is concentrated at the elbow. Very narrow velvet or ribbon is used on some gowns, run in and out in several rows at the throat, waist, and sleeves, with all the ends taken together and tied into bows. Black velvet is the most used.

Black India silk figured with jardiniere effects is beautifully fashioned with a frill of lace between and a row of fine jet gimp around the edge. Full sleeves puffed at the top above a row of the gimp; lace frills at wrists and neck; yoke of gimp over plain silk, and the full bodice shaped by lengthwise pleats from the bust, and a corresponding height in the back.

Cashmere is combined with striped, plain, brocade or plaid silk, or velvet. Grecian fronts are stylish for house dresses. Rosettes are prominent wherever a catching of something is wished. Silk muslin sleeves and guimpes are put in silk and fine wool gowns for dinner or demi-full dress Lace bodices will be worn with odd skirts. Tea-gowns of China crepe are costly, and lovely as a dream is supposed to be. Black grenadine gowns are more exclusively stylish than those of net or lace.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, $1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00.

Her Excuse.

A certain lady is going through the ordinary experience preparatory to the securing of a competent servant to answer the door bell. After a few days of trial with one, the lady was surprised at the non-appearance of some callers, who were expected, and, her attention being attracted to the door bell, she found that its tongue was muffled. Calling the girl she demanded to know why this had been done, whereupon the latter replied, "Faith, ma'am, I'd never get done if I didn't fix it when I'm busy, for it do be ringing all the time."

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

What shall we cook? is often a harder question to decide than many imagine who only sit at the table when it is prepared. Perhaps the vegetables that were so nice in the fall and through the winter are either gone or worthless. If that be so we must look to something else.

Now is the time when our canned tomatoes and corn (either canned or dried: though canned is nicer) come in nicely. If we have been wise we have kept these as our reserve for just this time. Of course, there are plenty of potatoes, and we may cook them in many ways. Then the nice, white beans, and perhaps there were some parsnips left in the ground through the winter, which will be nice and fresh.

A good manager, knowing just what she has to depend on, can each day have a variety and put on her table an appetizing dinner, Just hear those hens! how they cackle! And there are those home-cured hams hanging in the smoke house, just the thing for breakfast. Here, then, is our bill of fare for the first meal of the day. Ham, fried carefully, not dried up or half done, but watched while cooking, so that every part is just right. Eggs, fried in the gravy left from frying the ham. Warmed-over potatoes, and hot muffins or griddle cakes. Hot coffee and rich yellow cream, ginger cookies or doughnuts.

I am sure that man must be very ill natured indeed who does not go to his work with a cheery whistle and a pleasant word after beginning the day with such a meal. The wood-box and water-pail will be filled as by magic.

The breakfast out of the way, let us plan our dinner. We are too far from market perhaps to have fresh meat every day. We must either have salt pork or corned beef; so we decide on the beef, with boiled potatoes and turnips, if we have them; if not, canned tomatoes, cucumber pickles catsup, chili sauce or higdom, which ever the family prefers. For dessert, apple dumplings. It is far easier to have our plans all made in the morning, so that we need not worry, and at the last moment get up a hasty and unsatisfactory meal.

To begin with, take a piece of beef, the size needed for dinner and some over for supper. Wash clean and put into the big kettle, with water enough to cover well. Skim well, when it comes to boiling point. Let it cook steadily, but not too fast, four hours. An hour and a half before dinner, put a pound or two of salt pork to cook with the beef. Cooking together improves both. Peel potatoes and turnips early (slicing turnips) and let them stand in water till needed. They will be much fresher. Boil the vegetables with the meat, allowing an hour for the turnips and a half a hour for potatoes. Keep the kettle boiling.

Now for the dumplings. Take a quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking-powder, a little salt, a piece of nice, sweet lard, size of hen's egg; rub all together till thoroughly mixed; wet with sweet milk till soft enough to roll. Roll it quarter of an inch thick, cut it in four-inch squares, put a spoonful of stewed or canned apples on each square; fold and pinch tightly together. Grease your steamer and lay them in it, with space enough so that when they rise the holes in the steamer will not be covered. Lay a cloth over the top of the steamer and put on the cover. The cloth absorbs the water and keeps them from being soggy. Place the steamer over a kettle of boiling water, and steam forty-five minutes. Serve with sweetened cream flavored to suit taste.

Many of the foregoing directions may seem needless to old housekeepers, but we know many young housekeepers fail to produce the desired results because of the little things unnoticed or unkown to them, and they are often discouraged, blaming the recipe, when the real trouble is in putting together.

The Woman of Yesterday and of To-day.

The woman of yesterday was merely the young person grown old. She went through life with a cocksure complacency, mistaking to the end ignorance for innocence, and prejudice for principle. For a season the British novel was devoted to her glorification, and we were told she was the last development of our countrywomen. The young person is still with us, it is true; but with a difference. She has been educated at a high school, and has developed into the South Kensington young lady. From the cocksureness of ignorance she has reached the indefiniteness of semi-culture. In its way the change is an improvement. Her aim is to improve the mind, in itself surely a laudable ambition, but one which would be more worthy of emulation were it not so entirely confined to a desire to improve the minds of other people. The woman of to day is a very different type, without being that terrible person, a sort of Admirable Crichton in petticoats, Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell portrayed for our benefit in a recent number of the Nineteenth Century. She marks a distinct advance. Her manners are simpler and unaffected. That self-consciousness, the result, as Matthew Arnold explained, of a constant anxiety as to what other people are thinking of her, the freedom from which constitutes the charm of the American girl, is disappearing fast. The modern woman has discovered that domesticity is only one of the virtues, and in consequence is much more possible as a wife. As somebody else's she is perfect.—*London Society.*

FIG. 59.

Pattern No. 4598, price 25 cents, is here illustrated in white serge, velvet, and woolen plaid goods, made up on the bias, though it is a costume that is capable of many combinations and arrangements of colors and materials. The full round skirt is simply gathered and hemmed. The sailor blouse hangs below the waist has a high collar, shirt sleeves, and tucks on either side of centre front. The jacket has rounding fronts, a square back, and "Early English" sleeve-caps gathered in to the arm-sizes and slashed up the outside.

Art in Our Homes.

We have had in the history of our people eras of great adventure, heroism, achievement, and romance, and even of the poetry that belongs to the age of heroism and romance; for from the first discovery of the country there has been exercise for every daring and martial virtue, while our forefathers slept and worked and went afield holding their lives in their hand; the land has been wrested foot by foot from the foe and the forest, it has been held against the foreign enemy, it has been torn by internal strife, and each generation has in this regard proved itself worthy of its predecessor.

In all this we have been building a tremendous superstructure upon the already well-laid foundation of national greatness, through the worth of the individuals composing the nation, and we have also been widening the foundations of great wealth, and opening new sources of revenue, till, could some new Rip Van Winkle come to life he would think the story of our prowess and progress stranger and more difficult to comprehend than his own. But in the whole course of it we have never approached, until in comparatively recent years, any pronounced exposition of the possibilities of art among us; for Copley and Stuart were sporadic exceptions which prove the rule; West and Leslie had their market abroad; our sculptors are within the last generation; our architecture as well; our music is but just beginning, as it might be said; and the ideas and the practice of art have but lately gained headway, and begun to go forward with a steady aim to a lofty end.

One reason for this, doubtless, is that we have not before accumulated the means in individual hands sufficiently to encourage the artist—the artist requiring the patron with a full purse as a feature of his success, if not of his existence; and where we now have patrons by hundreds, they were formerly to be numbered only by tens. Another reason for this dilatory state of art is that foreign travel in all the bygone years was difficult and comparatively unusual, and there was little opportunity to take the contagion of the artistic spirit as it is seen abroad, to become fired with emulation of any perfection of that adaptation of means to the end called technique, or to become familiar with art in its best forms. Possibly without foreign travel and the old models it gave, an entirely new and original art might in time have sprung up here, but it would have needed as many years as truth; and now we never shall know how that might have been. Perhaps, also, those races that best love and most feel art had not become homogeneous with us, as emigration may since have made them; Moreover, in the hard work incident to the acquisition of the continent, to its opening, and to the struggle to keep it, life was necessarily too hard and sordid to encourage that abstract and luxurious spirit, and there was no place for art, which only follows when the days of struggle are over—Homer singing of what Achilles did, and Phidias turning the hero into the demigod.

But how great is the change that now—all things being complete in the foundation—we see as relates to art in this country, our own artists being awarded prominence in competition with foreign worth, no one hesitating to follow an art life, more or less ability making its appearance in almost every family, and the pictures on the walls of countless houses telling the difference between now and then as closely as, according to Ruskin, the difference in the curve of the drip-stone of the cathedral in England and in Lombardy tells the story of the rondure of the earth's longitude between the two points. Now, the circle that is without its young artist in paint, in clay, in tone, is a very singular one, and the house that has not its walls ornamented with examples of art in some form or other is a very poor one. Where nothing better can be obtained, even the water-color chromo does its work in destroying a dull monotony of empty space; but in tens of thousands of homes the plaster cast of the antique, the more than tolerable portrait, and the pretty water-color lift the imagination, stir the fancy, and delight the eye. It is not to be questioned that a great good is to be wrought thus in our domestic life; for art having once acquired a footing can only go forward here, it would seem, and what is good now, in another while will be excellent; and to be surrounded by excellence in anything can but have an enlarging effect on the mind, and a softening one on the manners and morals. Beauty is the underlying fact and principal of the universe; the setting of the tiny crystal in the gloom of the mine is seen to be as beautiful as grouping of stars in the Pleiades; and it is plain that beauty must have been and is everywhere in the divine idea, so lavishly and so completely is it used in all creation. And if worth so much abroad and in the making of the star, it must be of equal worth at home and in the developing of the soul. It is good, then, for the child to be acquainted with it early, to have attention directed to its protean apparition everywhere in sky and sea and wood, and to be made to understand that if this material beauty is so vast and of such value, what must that beauty be of which the material is but the reflex and the shadow! Surely only spiritual growth should follow such comprehension; and gentle manners, and kindliness to the very weed, and a sacred curiosity concerning the hidden things which lie behind beauty must be born in him, and there must be all the moral and mental advance that should accompany the highest form of civilization—civilization which is not to be called by that name till art has entered into it. One may love beauty selfishly, sensually, and with luxurious delight in feeding the love as in pampering any appetite, but that is the fault of the individual, not of beauty, the individual who has turned a divine principle into an animal enjoyment. The legitimate love of beauty will always recognize its deific essence even in plucking the humblest flower that blows.

The Kind Husband.

W. (with a sweet smile on her rosy lips)—How does this dress become me, John?

H. (looking up from his paper)—Why, my pet, it fits you like a glove.

W. (with a little giggle—a happy one)—Don't it now, John?

H. (throwing the paper aside and looking at her with a world of affection in his eye)—It sets off your beauty splendidly.

W. (with a pretty pout)—Do you think I am beautiful?

H. (emphatically)—To me you are the most beautiful woman in the world.

W. (coming over and kissing him)—Do you think so, John?

H. effusively)—Think so? I am certain of it. You are the star of my life. My kind, my sweet little wife.

W. (delightedly)—Oh, John.—Boston Courier.

The Boorish Husband.

Wife (after putting on her new dress)—Well, John, how do you think I look in it? Husband (without raising his eyes from his paper)—I guess it's all right.

W.—But, John, you might look at it.

H.—Oh, hang it, don't disturb me,

W.(with a little gurgle in her throat)—Well, John, it was to please you that I had it made.

H. (reading his paper)—It'll do pretty well, I guess.

W.—But you haven't looked at it yet?

H.—Don't bother me. Don't you see I'm reading?

W.—But, John—

A.—Don't bother me!

W.—If you would just say—

H.—You are too vain.

W.—Oh, my!

H.(gruffly)—Yes, you are.

W.(hysterically)—And it was to please you that I had it made, and I thought—

H.(impatiently)—Oh, pshaw!

FIG. 60.

Challie, gingham, India silk, cashmere, etc., will do nicely for this little dress, which is to be worn with a guimpe and sleeves of surah, China silk, embroidery, or tucked nainsook. The full skirt is quite long, and hemmed, tucked, and gathered. Short puffs, having a velvet band, take the place of sleeves. The low, baby waist is gathered, top and bottom, and finished with a small yoke and a belt of velvet, which should be of embroidery if the dress is made of wash material. Pattern No. 4596, price 20 cents.

Strengthening Dishes for the Sick.

A very good preparation to be taken morning and night is made as follows: Take two calf's feet, two pints of water, one pint of new milk and a little lemon peel; put all into a jar in the oven and let them stand five or six hours. When it is cold, remove every particle of grease, and it is ready. It is very nourishing and is liked by most invalids.

Good beef tea is made in this way: Cut two pounds of beef into small pieces, and put it into a jar, pour over it two and one-half pints of cold water, and add a pinch of salt. Cover it closely, and set it where it will simmer slowly for four or five hours, then strain it through a fine sieve, and when it is cool remove all fat. This is more palatable but not so strong as beef tea made after the following recipe: Cut two pounds of lean beef into dice and put it in a glass jar without water. Cover it closely and put it in a saucepan of water. Let it stand on the back of the stove where the juice from the beef will be slowly extracted. This juice may be mixed with boiling water, or given in its full strength.

Gloucester jelly is another strengthening dish for sick people. To make it, take one ounce each of ground rice, sago, pearl barley, isinglass, eringo root, hartshorn shavings. Simmer all together in three pints of water until reduced to one pint, then strain it and let it become cold. Pieces may be cut from this jelly and taken in tea or broth or in a cup of new milk every morning.

Suet and milk is an old-fashioned drink for invalids and old people which is very highly spoken of. It is made by adding one tablespoonful of suet which has been shredded very fine to half a pint of new milk. Heat the milk enough to melt the suet, skim it well, and pour it into a warm cup. It must be drunk while hot.

Isinglass should be introduced as much as possible into the food for the weak, as it is very strengthening. Give a half teaspoonful morning and evening in tea or milk, if you have no time to prepare it in any other manner.

The Modern Heroine.

Novelists no longer write of "sweet sixteen." Lydia Languish is at least ten years older than she used to be, and the novel of the next decade may find her most available at forty. For it is largely a question of availability after all. The modern subjective and analytic novel has necessitated the change. The mind of the very young woman is lacking in the depth, in the discipline and complexity which must go to make up the available subject of the modern dissection methods. She is charming, but she won't "go" as a modern heroine. This must be a woman who has thought, who has achieved something, who has had experience in life, who stands for something, and whose personality offers opportunity for study and critical analysis.

MEG'S ECONOMY.

What a cozy, comfortable home you have, Meg," said Clara Burns to her friend Mrs. Carroll, with whom she was visiting.

"Yes, we think it so, and enjoy it, I assure you."

"You would not deserve it, if you did not enjoy it. I'm afraid I almost envy you."

"Well, you needn't. Why don't you and Will form a partnership and make you such a home? I think you've had the matter under consideration long enough. Though you have said nothing to me about it, I know the symptoms so well that I could diagnose your case without even feeling your pulse. I've been just dying for you to ask my advice. Can't you persuade yourself to promise 'to love, honor and obey,' or is Will averse to a partnership in which he will have to be the silent partner?"

"No, it is neither of those reasons, though I admit their weight. Seriously, the real reason is, that we both have homes and can not bear to think of boarding, as we would have to do if we should marry, for we could not set up an establishment unless Will's salary was increased and he has no hope of that for a year."

"What is his salary?"

"Only fifty dollars a month, with promise of increase after two years."

"How much money have you saved from teaching?"

"About two hundred dollars,"

"How much more will you have at the end of the school year in June?"

"After buying spring clothing I shall probably have two hundred more."

"That would be four hundred dollars, just the amount I had when I was married, and Will's salary is one hundred dollars a year more than Dick's was."

"Is it possible! Tell me how you managed."

"I can't impart such valuable information without first extorting a promise from you, and that is that you'll tell Will about it the next time he bewails his poverty, and says he is not able to support a wife."

"I promise. Go on."

"Well, our circumstances were very similar to yours; only you are somewhat better off than we were. I was teaching and Dick clerking; and as he had no home and had to board, he was very anxious to have a home. After we were engaged, he often talked of the home we would have when we were able, and once I told him that I intended to furnish my house, when I had one myself. He was very much surprised, as he supposed girls spent all the money they could get. After talking the matter over, we decided that we could rent a small house, and, as I was going to furnish it, Dick said he was sure we could both live on what it cost to pay his board.

"So the matter was settled. As soon as that term of school ended, which would be in three months, we would be married; and I began at once making such preparations as I could, evenings and Saturdays. My first economy was to buy two bolts of muslin, one of bleached and one of unbleached. One can get it cheaper by buying a whole bolt. I made a plentiful supply of underwear, part of it of the bleached and part of the unbleached; for every-day wear I prefer the latter. If you get a nice fine piece of what is called "half bleached," it is just as white after it is bleached, which does not take long, as the other; and it is softer, better, and washes easier, besides being cheaper. After making all the underwear I would need for a long time, I made a lot of sheets, pillow-cases, shams, etc. I had some muslin left, so I did not have to buy any for four or five years. Next, I bought a supply of table linen, toweling, and napkins. For tablecloths for every-day use, I got one and three-quarters yards for a cloth, and in my best one, I got three yards, and for that one, don't be persuaded to buy any cheap, starchy stuff, but get a good, heavy, fine piece, all linen, and extra width. There is no economy in buying cheap tablecloths, for a good quality looks so much better and wears twice as long. My best one is good yet, after ten years' use.

"When you make your napkins and table cloths, hem them by hand. It will pay you for the time spent; they look a great deal better. Machine sewing draws after it is washed, as the thread shrinks more than the linen, and then the corners can not be turned neatly.

"Next, I bought a pair of blankets and two spreads for the outside of the bed. Good blankets can be bought now for six or eight dollars per pair. Any cheaper are either too small for the bed, or of a poor quality. Very good spreads can be bought for two dollars. I do not like them two heavy, as they are hard to wash and hard to keep white.

"I know people do not piece quilts nowadays, other that the silk ones, on which they spend so much time and money, and which are not of much use, but I am old-fashioned enough to think I must have a few light quilts to sleep under in summer. I pieced two of scraps of muslin and calico and lined them with thin, soft muslin, with a pound of best cotton between, and quilted them. Then I pieced one of the scraps and back breadths of my old cloth dresses and lined it with an old double shawl. I put four pounds of cotton in this one and knotted it about three inches. I also made two comforts of calico. It takes fifteen yards of calico and five pounds of cotton for a comfort. I always buy the best calico and the best cotton. I find it pays, for they wear so much better. The poorer grade of cotton batting is lumpy and heavy, and does not stay in place after the comforts are knotted.

"If the girls of the present day would spend part of their spare time as their grandmothers did, in making table linen, bedding, etc., instead of so much useless fancy work, it would be a great saving of time and money after they are married and need both.

"Now, don't misunderstand me. I do not mean that they should not make fancy work at all, for I think a reasonable amount of it is almost indispensable, and adds much to the beauty of a home; but there is no need to devote all one's spare time to that, to the exclusion of more necessary and useful things. But I will proceed with my own history. I fear I did not cultivate the acqnaintance of the little 'olive branches' in my charge, the last three months of the last term of school, at recesses, as I had before. I think I sat at my desk a great deal of the time studying and figuring, but it was not at solving mathematical problems; I was figuring on how much of my four hundred dollars would be left, and how it could be spent to the best advantage in buying furniture, after buying the aforementioned articles and my trousseau, if my modest outfit could be called by such a high-sounding name. That was bought with a view to what would be of most service in the future, and consisted of good substantial goods.

"The school finally came to a close, but I must confess it seemed a dreadfully long three months, and in June we were married, and moved into a neat little brown house with three rooms and a pantry.

"Dick accompanied me to buy the furniture, of which we had decided before to get what was good and substantial, if we could not get much. First we got all-wool ingrain carpets for the bedroom and sitting room. Never buy a carpet which is part cotton: a good rag carpet looks better, after a little while, than a half cotton one. Our carpets cost us forty dollars, and as soon as I could I sewed rags enough to have a rag carpet woven for the kitchen. The bedroom set and mattrass cost seventy-five dollars, cook-stove and heater fifty dollars, table and cupboard fifteen dollars, chairs ten dollars, stand and sofa twenty dollars and dishes twenty-five dollars. These are the principal articles, but there were two rockers, window curtains, and a few articles of kitchen furniture and other incidentals, and after we had our little home furnished I had one hundred dollars left, much to Dick's surprise. When he teasingly asked me how I expected to dispose of the surplus, I said that I would put that away for a nest egg, and that in the next two years I expected that there would be enough of his salary put with it to buy the house and lot where we lived which could be bought for five hundred dollars.

"'Why, you make me feel rich, little wife," he said. 'I wouldn't have been able to live even in a rented house for two years yet if you hadn't saved enough to furnish it, and here you are talking as if we would have one of our own in that time.'

"Although he was not as hopeful as I was about it, my hopes were realized before the two years were quite gone.

"And let me tell you, Clara, never to be satisfied until you have a home of your own; no matter how little it is, it is a good investment; for nothing takes up money faster than rent, and after it is paid you have nothing to show for it. Better deny yourself something in the way of dress, or pleasures, and rich food, until you can buy a little home. You can improve it as you get able and thus increase its value, and you then have whatever your home is worth, no matter what happens.

"It was with real pleasure that I made over and mended old clothes, and planned economy in cooking, buying and every way possible, in order that we could buy a home.

"After our family increased, and we found we must have a larger house, our economical habits being already formed, and Dick in business for himself and doing fairly well, we enjoyed saving and planning for a more commodious and luxurious home; and after selling the old one and having the price of it as a nucleus, it was no very hard matter to get enough ahead to build one. But I persume you are tired of hearing so much about our struggle with limited means."

"Not at all; I have been an interested and appreciative listener, and summing it all up, I am to understand that you would advise Will and me to marry though his salary is small?"

"No, I would not advise anyone to marry, if their income were large or small. That is something the two who take each other for 'better or worse' must decide for themselves; but if they have properly considered the matter and decided that they really love each other, and intend to marry, and are each willing to make some sacrifice, then I would not advise them not to marry because their income was small.

"I have heard young men say they would never marry till they could take their wife to as good a home as she left, and have heard young women say they would not marry a man till he had a cage for his bird. That is all nonsense. No sensible girl expects her husband to begin life where her father left off, and if she is not willing to help make the cage she'd better remain in the parental nest, for she would not make a suitable wife for any man. A young unmarried man with a moderate salary is not apt to save a great deal of it, but if he marries there is a necessity for economy and if his wife is a true help-mate they will find much pleasure in making a home together which they would have missed otherwise.

"If two persons have considered the matter rightly, and resolved to make their way in the world, and the man has a trade or profession, by which he can make a living, they can marry and be just as happy, if they only have fifty dollars to start with as they could with fifty times fifty. Half the pleasure of buying a new and desired article of furniture with such persons, is found in planning and contriving ways to be able to buy it."

"I have often thought that such would be the case," said Clara, "and Will has hinted at it very strongly too, but I was not brave enough to risk it, but since you have given me the benefit of your experience I shall profit by it to some extent, at least, by making a supply of table linen and bedding, and for the rest—we shall see about that later."

Constipation,

IF not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. **Ayer's Pills,** being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Longhbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

The Glove, and How to Wear It.

"Bien gantee, bien chaussee, et bien coiffee," is the French definition of a well-dressed woman, and first in importance, as in the wording of the formula, stands the *bien gantee.* There are certain trifles of woman's toilet which have a charm and poetry and personality all their own and inherent. The girdle still has its piquant mystery, fascination, as in the old days when Aphrodite unloosed and delivered to Hera the gleaming cestus, "in whose sphere were all enticements to delight," to work the hoodwinking of great Zeus. A ring seems a poem in itself, a kerchief faintly scented is full of subtle suggestiveness, but of them all a glove that has been pressed to the slender fingers and clasped about the delicate wrist seems most deeply penetrated with the personality of the wearer. It was with a glove, rarely perfumed, that Catherine de Medici wrought the ruin of Jeanne d'Albert; a glove that Sieur de Lorge risked life in the arena, betwixt lions, and tigers, to rescue for his proud Spanish lady love; a glove, well worn and faded, which the loyal worshipper of that beautiful but unfortunate Queen of Bohemia carried in his hat during so many years of valiant service, and a glove belonging to some fair hand, "which kings had lipped and trembling kissed," that knight of old wore ever upon his spear.

So it comes to pass that the gracious woman, wise in the tender and fond instincts which made her recognize the subtle influence of her glove and its expression of her own peculiar grace, will have a care that it be always exquisite and fresh, faultless in fit, fine in quality, and subdued in coloring. Some pretty conceits and fancies are carrried out in gloves, now that dainty ladies have most of them made to order. A certain Countess has always a coronet wrought in silk at the top of the arm; another lady recently ordered some white mousquetaire with her Christian name (Dorothy) embroidered across the top in crimson silk in exact imitation of her signature. Some pretty gloves designed for wearing with a white and silver dress were of white undressed kid, and were cut out in little turrets at the top, from beneath which fell a frill of silver lace. The lines up the back of the hand were also traced in silver. You have all read and perhaps seen the evening gloves with the stitching done in gold wire, entangling jewels in its meshes, but the *haute nouveaute* is the seamless glove which has a most mysterious effect. It clothes the hand like a skin, and only the most minute investigation shows that a seam is concealed in the middle of the hand, but so sewn as to be practically invisible.

KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM.

How to Select and Cook Meats.

BEEF.

When beef is good it will have a fine, smooth, open grain, and it will feel tender when pinched. The lean should be of a bright carnation red, and the fat white rather than yellow. The suet should be perfectly white. If the lean should be dark or purplish, and the fat very yellow do not buy the meat. See that the butcher has properly jointed the meat before it goes home. For good tables, the pieces generally roasted are the sirloin and the fore and middle ribs. In small families the ribs are the most convenient pieces. A whole sirloin is too large, except for a numerous company, but is the piece most esteemed by epicures.

Steaks can be cut from the ribs, inner part of the sirloin, or rump. All other pieces are, for this purpose, comparatively hard and tough. The round is generally corned or salted, and boiled. It is also used for the dish called beef a la mode. The legs make excellent soup. the head and tail are also used for that purpose. The tongue, when fresh can be stewed; when pickled and afterwards smoked, it is highly and deservedly esteemed. The other pieces of the animal are generally salted and boiled; or used when fresh for soups and stews, when not too fat. If the state of the weather will allow you to keep fresh beef two or three days, rub with salt and wrap it in a cloth. In summer, do not attempt to keep it more than twenty-four hours; and not that length of time, unless you can conveniently lay it on ice, or in a spring-house.

The best piece of corned beef is the round; you may either boil it whole, or divide it in halves, taking care that each piece shall have a portion of the fat. Wash it well, and, if very salt, soak it in two waters. Skewer it up compactly in good shape, wrapping the flap piece firmly around it. Tie it together with broad, strong tape. Put it into a large pot, cover well with water, and put over a moderate fire that it may heat gradually all through. Carefully remove all the scum as it rises, and when no more appears, keep the boiler closely covered, letting it boil slowly and regularly, with the fire at an equal temperature. Allow three hours and a half to a piece weighing twelve pounds, and from that to four or five hours, in proportion to the size. Turn the meat twice while it is boiling. Many persons think it best (and they are probably right) to stew corned beef rather than boil it. If you intend to stew it, put no more water in the pot than will barely cover the meat, and keep it gently simmering over a slow fire four or five hours, according to the size of the piece. In carving a round of beef, slice it horizontally and very thin. Do not help anyone to the outside pieces, as they are generally too hard and salt.

VEAL.

The fore-quarter of a calf comprises the neck, breast and shoulder. The hind-quarter consists of the loin, fillet, and knuckle. Separate dishes are made of the head, heart, liver and sweet-breads. The flesh of good veal is firm and dry, and the joints stiff. The lean is of a very light, delicate red, and the fat quite white. In buying the head, see that the eyes look full, and plump and lively; if they are dull and sunken, the calf has been killed too long. In buying calves' feet for jelly or soup, try to get those that have been singed only and not skinned, as a great deal of gelatinous substance is contained in the skin.

Veal should always be thoroughly cooked, and never brought to the table rare or underdone. The least redness in the meat or gravy is disgusting. Veal suet may be used as a substitute for that of beef; also veal drippings. Veal is never simply boiled, it is too insipid; but can be stewed, roasted or fried.

MUTTON AND LAMB.

The fore-quarter of a sheep contains the neck, breast and shoulder, and the hind quarter the loin and leg. The two loins together are called the chine or saddle. The flesh of good mutton is a bright red, and close-grained, and the fat firm and white. The meat will feel tender and springy when you pinch it. The vein in the neck of the fore-quarter should be a fine blue. In carving a fore-quarter of lamb, the first thing done is to separate the shoulder from the breast, and carve the parts separately. In carving the hind-quarter the leg is separated from the loin. Roast lamb is always served with mint sauce; and roast mutton with currant jelly, and should also be accompanied with mashed turnips.

PORK.

In cutting up pork, you have the spare-rib, shoulder, griskin or chine, the loin, middlings and legs; the head, feet, heart, and liver. On the spare-rib and chine there is but little meat, and the pieces called middlings are entirely of fat. The best parts are the loin and the leg or hindquarter. Hogs make the best pork when from two and a half to four years old. They should be kept with corn at least six weeks before they are killed, or their flesh will acquire a disgusting taste from the trash and offal which they have eaten when running at large. Pork fed upon chestnuts is the finest in the world,

Dorothea.

The Proper Care of Clothing.

The man who blames his wife for extravagance, finds fault if she is not presentable. Few women have the creative genius of the French cook who could make something out of nothing. With a fastidious husband and refined taste on one side, and a narrow income and limited time on the other, what can the poor soul do?

She must learn to take care of her gowns, an accomplishment few possess. The condition of the closet reacts on its contents. Dust, bad air and dampness fade the most brilliant coloring, deaden the lustre of silk and jet, and age your most recent purchase. Granted that you have just opened your closet door in the new home, where the May moving has brought you, what shall you do? I answer—have it thoroughly cleaned. Then go over the novel work with household ammonia to destroy lurking moth germs. Then buy a roll of tar roofing-paper from a tinsmith, and tack it neatly over the floor, bringing the edges a trifle above the bottom of the base board. Cover the shelves with the same, and you have a most inexpensive cedar closet, to which mice and insects will give a wide berth.

Over the paper put oil-cloth in some light coloring, and clean, weekly, with salt and water and a little ammonia. Every morning, when the windows of your bedroom are open, open the door of your closet for ventilation. Clothing has wonderful powers of absorption, and too many people carry the atmosphere of their homes in their coats and gowns. Who does not remember the death-like odors clinging, vampire like, to the garments of some great-grandmother, who had hoarded them for years in an air-tight New England closet. Your clothing needs oxygen as much as you do.

White gowns grow yellow if left to hang uncovered. Make bags for them, and for your silks and velvets as well. Seal-skin retains its beauty, for a greater length of time, if kept in the dark free from dust. To make the most successful bags for these purpose use light calico which has no fuzz an washes easily. Sew the breadths together, leaving the top and bottom open. Sew hooks and eyes on the bottom and run a shirr string in the top. The gown should first be put on a wire arm, and the bag drawn over it and fastened at the bottom with the hooks and eyes; then draw the string over the arm, leaving the loop by which it is hung up uncovered. If the garment is white or delicate in color, put a cake of white wax in the bag to prevent it turning yellow. To keep steel and oriental embroideries from tarnishing fill a small bag with camphor-gum, and hang in the larger bag. If left uncovered it stains whatever it comes in contact with.

On the principle that "All's well that ends well," the appearance of a woman's feet is of supreme importance. Treat your shoes tenderly. Have one pair sacred to rainy weather, for rubbers ruin fine leather. Avoid varnish and blacking of all kinds, and substitute vaseline. First, rub your shoes with a piece of old, black silk, then apply the vaseline with a soft, black kid glove. If you insist on your dressmaker facing your gowns with velvet or velveteen instead of braid, you will lessen your shoemaker's bills and be saved from the purple blemish on the instep caused by the movements of the skirts in walking. When buttons come off don't hunt up old shoes and use the shabby buttons, but invest five cents in a card of shining black beauties, and have them ready for emergencies. One old button spoils the style of a shoe. Gaiters are charitable things and cover a multitude of defects. Half-worn boots will last a long time under their kindly protection. Now is a good time to buy them, and in most shops you can get a pair for one dollar and sixty-five cents. To save your evening shoes and slippers invest in a pair of white fleece-lined artic boots, which will cost two dollars, but save ten times that amount in carriage hire and medicine, not to mention the shoes themselves. After removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling up the uppers and lapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then pinch the instep down to the toe, bringing the fullness up instead of allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half-worn foot gear. A boot that is kicked off and left to lie where it falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon lose shape and gloss.

Black straw in chip hats, which promises to be worn so much this season, can be kept in shape and color by brushing, when well dusted, with shoe polish. Every hat and bonnet should have its separate box, and be covered with a silk handkerchief to protect from the dust and light.

Gloves should never be rolled into a wad or left lying inside-out. Pull off slowly and stretch each finger to its full length. Mend every minute up with glove thread and needles which come especially for the purpose. Wrap each pair in tissue paper, and keep in a long box, without folding.

Eternal vigilance is the price of dainty clothing daintily kept; but there is nothing that brings its own reward so soon as intelligent dealing with one's wardrobe.

Strain soap made from concentrated lye through a hemp bag, and you will not be troubled with skippers in it. In that way all the little particles of meat are removed, and it is the meat which attracts the skippers' parents.

Indigestion

Is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

What to Wash the Face With

It is said that a pious old lady up in a Vermont hamlet, whose only diversion was the regular winter lecture course, after listening to two lectures—one by Ingersoll and the other by Mrs. Jenness Miller went home in despair, saying: "No hell and no chemise! What is anybody going to do?" Now we wonder what the distracted old lady would say if some latter day prophet should rise up and tell her that she had never even really washed her face in all her life. The majority of people do not, we are assured over and over, and the most deplorable thing about it is that there is more truth than poetry in the assertion.

In the first place, we are informed there is only one thing to wash in, and that is the cosmetic used by the famous beauty centuries ago who excited the envy of all the ladies of the court. Wonderful were the messes compounded, and decoctions brewed to produce the delicate whiteness of skin and rare flush of color that made Ninon de l'Enclos the famous beauty she was. Great ladies kept a chemist in those days, as kings kept a jester, and only after the death of his mistress, at 90 years of age, did her chemist, the venerable Maitre d'Ouard, reveal to the world that it was simple rain water that had made and kept her fair and beautiful. Patti bathes her face in the dew distilled from roses and a thousand flowers, but soft water is the medium required for the face—not a teacupful in a basin, but a great generous bowlful with the cloth taken off; not with a rough, irritating cloth, but with a washcloth softer than the finest silk of Lyons looms—your own fair, smooth hands. Bathe it over and over, drench it with the cool fresh water until the very soft towel you dry it with will be wet through and through; Dry it thoroughly, but carefully—that is its morning bath. At night before you go to bed, when all its pores are full of the dust of the street and perhaps of the dust of the powder puff as well, which is almost worse, bathe it in hot water, as hot as it will stand, and with a flannel cloth upon which good soap has been rubbed. Remember the soap must be pure and must not contain too much alkali, for if too much oil be taken out of the skin it will lose something of its vitality and strength. It is the dirt, not the oil, we wish to remove. All high-priced soaps are warranted to be pure, but remember when a surgeon would cleanse a wound he doesn't use any of the fancy brands endorsed by fair actresses and singers and noted diners, but plain old fashioned castile soap, which doesn't need any endorsement. After you give your face a thorough, careful wash with the soap, holding the water against it as long as you like, rinse it off in cold water, and the bath is done for the night.

Occasionally it is a good plan to steam the face unless one frequents the Turkish baths, and the simplest mode of procedure is to fill a large basin with boiling water and hold the face over it, covering the head and all with a large towel. As the water cools, add more that is boiling, and continue the steaming five or ten minutes, rubbing the face with the hand or a soft washing glove. This is best done at night, as the skin is apt to be a little sensitive after a vapor bath. You will find even without the steam that your skin will whiten and your flesh will grow firmer and more beautiful. I know you will say you haven't time and that it is too much trouble, but that is what it means to really wash your face, and of course if you haven't time to keep it clean there's nothing more to be said.

FASHIONS IN HAIRDRESSING.

THE NEW STYLES.

A few years ago so little interest was manifested by ladies in the arrangment of their hair, that the hair dressers feared their occupation well nigh gone, and the art itself seemed booked for a place on the shelves of the past. But just here Dame Fashion happily came to the rescue, and in her usual peremptory way, instituted a new order of coiffure, the outcome of which is that we now see glossy plaits, graceful coils and twists, and the fluffiest and most coquetish of bangs, taking the place of the careless backnot and simple fringe which once sufficed for all.

And the styles are becoming almost as varied as the faces they crown and adorn. That there are so many styles from which the ladies may choose is of infinite benefit to those who care to make the most of their attractions, for assuredly one way of dressing the hair cannot be becoming alike to all casts of features.

A coiffure which may give an indescribable charm to an oval face, will detract from the good looks of one whose features are cast in a larger and broader mold, for this reason both the high and low coiffure are, and will continue in style.

To some the high coiffure is particularly becoming, and by these it will continue to be worn, with such changes as may be introduced from time to time.

But the low coiffure seems to have achieved the happy medium of meeting the requirement of the majority of ladies, and is by far the most fashionable. In fact one sees ten heads dressed in the latter, to one in the former style. It is also more comfortable and is adapted to both day and evening wear.

The low coiffure consists of braids and twists arranged to fall low enough to just escape the collar and is then brought to the crown of the head, and presents a tidy and most graceful appearance.

This simple mode ornamented with shell combs or pins is equally suited for home or street, and for full dress occasion when adorned with jeweled pins, feathers, aigrettes, or flowers, becomes an exceedingly stylish headdress. Just now flowers—suggestive of the fair Spring season, are much worn in the hair, although some still affect bows of ribbon, but for the evening, flowers are by all odds the most beautiful, and for young ladies, nothing more appropriate can be selected.

Both the high and low coiffure are in high favor in Paris and London, and are more elaborate than the American styles. Parisian modes by which the world of fashion was once ruled, however, no longer leads, and our ladies find their more quiet tastes better suited by those designed by competent artists in their midst.

Fashionable bonnets can only be worn to advantage with a front piece, and the back coiffure reaching to the nape of the neck, the bonnet or toque being supported with a shell comb or other ornament placed in the top of the hair.

The styles in front pieces or bangs are more numerous than ever, and foreheads, whether broad, high, narrow or square, may be fitted with a suitable shape, or the natural hair banged in a most becoming way. A coquetish wavey bang, with just a suspicion of a parting on one side, is much favored by merry young maidens, as it sets off a pair of roguish eyes to perfection.

Very young ladies wear the front hair in a curled bang, and the back either waved over the shoulders, or braided loosely with a bow of ribbon just below the crown of the head and another at the end. For the "buds," the hair is mostly waved with small curling tongs on the outside, at the sides and top, and then combed together at the back of the head, twisted in a figure eight and placed lengthwise. The ornaments for this coiffure are two or three shell pins.

The color of hair still remains an item of fashion, and ladies who a few years ago held up their hands in horror at the bare mention of hair-dye, now have their locks transformed from one color to another with complacency, if not *sang froid*.

Blonde or golden hair is always intensely admired, and continues to be the popular color, those who are blessed with the sunny tint finding no difficulty in obtaining the desired shade by means of that remarkable mixture, the golden hair wash.

It was thought that the red brown, or as it is styled in London, the bronze brown, introduced by the charming Patti, would prove a fashionable craze, but ladies do not find it a particularly becoming color, and very few have submitted their tresses to that change.

White and gray hair is as popular as ever with elderly ladies, and many exquisite heads of gray hair are constantly seen, which, dressed in one of the late styles, give an unmistakable dignity to the wearer. Ladies whose hair is just beginning to turn, and is gray in streaks, cover their iron touched locks with bangs and braids of a beautiful silver gray which greatly improves their appearance.

Hair nets, in cap shape, are still much used and are to be recommended to all who wish to keep their waves or curls in shape, particularly in damp or breezy weather.

The mode of the season, just out, is the *coiffure artistic*, which promises to become a favorite. Its arrangement is somewhat similar to the coiffure so much worn during the Winter, but has some pleasing variations which are in every way acceptable.

For evening wear, the "coiffure artistic" may be ornamented with an aigrette, with flowers or fancy pins. For home and street, it is dressed smaller, and finished with simple shell pins.

Ladies, who from choice, or necessity, are often their own hairdressers, will find the subjoined directions of service:

Wave the hair at the temples and back of the ears to the neck with small curling tongs; twist or tie all the hair three inches below the crown. Place a pointed bang dressed very light and fluffy on the forehead, extending back to crown, as indicated in illustration. Arrange the ends of the back hair in two or three loose rolls on the crown to meet the front curls. The lower part of the coiffure is composed of the wavy tresses curled at the ends, and interlaced in the upper hair so as to appear natural. Ornament with shell or fancy pins. If the hair is not long enough to dress the upper part of the coiffure, a lights witch of the required length should be added.

Daughters.

If all that mothers are to them came home to the perceptions of daughters at an earlier period, they would be more anxious than they generally seem to be to spare those mothers, to prolong their days, and save them from much exertion and anxiety that are likely to shorten their lives, and that if only from merely selfish reasons. How many daughters are there who, if it lies between them to do it, do not let their mothers rise in the morning and make the fire and prepare the breakfast; who, in the interim between cooks, do not let the whole burden of care and the chief endeavor of work come upon the mother; who do not let the mother get up in the night and attend to the calls of sudden illness; who, if it is necessary to watch with the sick, do not hold themselves excused, and the duty to be a maternal one; who do not feel it their privilege to be ready for callers and company while the mother is still in working deshabille; who are not in the habit of taking the most comfortable chair; and who, in the matter of provision of toilette, do not think almost anything will do for mother, but they themselves must be fresh and fine in the fashion? How many daughters are there who, when pleasure-taking comes in question, do not feel, even if perhaps unconsciously, that the mother has had her day and ought to be contented, and they should be the ones to go and take the enjoyment? It would seem as if the mere sentiment of self-preservation would teach daughters a better line of conduct. It is the mother making the central spot of the house usually that makes home possible. It is the mother from whom the greater part of the happiness of the home proceeds. If she dies, the home disintegrates, or it is not unusual that another comes in to take her place—a foreign and alien element before whom the old union and happiness, may possibly fly. To preserve this home and this happiness one would imagine, should be the first effort of the daughter, that she should, out of regard for her own comfort and gratification, as well as for that of others, seek every means to make life easy to the mother, to insure her health and length of days. Never again will any daughter have such a friend as this mother; no fond adorer's eyes will ever follow her with the same disinterested love as this mother's eyes do, nor will any give her the sympathy she does. It is wild folly on the daughter's part that lets the mother waste her strength, instead of seeking by every means possible to save and increase it, for while a good mother is with her family they are entertaining an angel, whether unaware or not.

Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, costing only 25 cents.

An Ounce of Prevention.

The tiny little moth that flutters timidly through our rooms at this season has a firm purpose in view, erratic as its movements are. It is seeking warm hiding-places wherein it can deposit its eggs. These ere long hatch into little crawling worms, that in time clothe themselves, at our expense, in garments of finest wool.

These eggs are laid in the folds of drapery hangings, in the corners of carpeted rooms, in fur rugs along the edges of our shelves, in drawers, and even in our clothing.

A brisk beating and brushing before packing away the woollen clothing and draperies for the summer usually frees them from this source of danger; but occasionally the eggs remain *in situ*, and the garment, although carefully laid away, is in the autumn found completely riddled with holes of varying dimensions.

In order, then, to keep one's woollens in good condition, it is necessary to prevent the laying of the eggs anywhere within the precincts of the house, and this can be done only by destroying the moths before they have begun to deposit them.

Chasing them around the rooms, in order to catch and kill them, is a thankless and useless task.

On the other hand, a few hours of discomfort and a few ounces of camphor will thoroughly free one's entire premises from the unwelcome little invaders.

The method employed is somewhat similar to the disinfection of a room after contagious disease, and it is equally efficacious in ridding a room of mosquitoes or flies.

As already intimated, when thoroughly done, it causes a certain amount of discomfort, but not enough to be beyond the limits of moderate endurance.

Close all the windows, and all doors leading from the room about to undergo treatment, open wide each drawer and closet, and hang, the contents over chairs or upon a clotheshorse, brought into the room for the occasion.

Take a piece of gum-camphor, as large as a hazelnut for an ordinary room (as large as a walnut for a room 20 by 16), put it in an iron pot and place the latter within another iron pot or upon an iron-stand. Set fire to the camphor. It burns very fiercely, so set it at a safe distance from furniture or hangings; the middle of the room is the best place for it, unless this be directly under a chandelier, in which case it can be placed more toward the side, as the heat is apt to injure the gilding or bronze. The dense smoke soon permeates every nook and corner, and suffocates every insect that inhales it.

Canary-birds or gold fish are to be carried from the room before beginning operations, and as soon as the camphor begins to burn the operator may leave the room, as, provided she has taken the above precautions, there will be no danger of the fire spreading.

The camphor will burn from a quarter to half an hour, but it can be extinguished at any moment by placing over it a stove-lid or the cover of the pot. Let the smoke remain in the room for about half an hour, then open the windows wide, leaving them so all day. After a few hours' airing the traces of smoke will be scarcely noticeable.

It can, of course, be done one room at a time, but, if possible, it is better to smoke a whole floor at once. A small piece can be burned in each room, and the connecting doors are left open to allow the smoke to reach the passageways.

If undertaken immediately after breakfast, the rooms will once more be pure and sweet by evening.

A bright windy day should be chosen for the operation, because on damp days the smoke and the members of the family prefer to remain within-doors.

Although the smoke is dense, it is a clean smoke, and will not discolor either walls or hangings. In case the ceilings in the rooms are low, the camphor might be crumbled and burned in two or three places: this will prevent any possibility of staining the ceiling immediately over the flames.

F. Burrows, of Wilkesport, writes: that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflammation of the lungs, solely by the use of five bottles of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. Feels great pleasure in recommending it to the public, as he has proved it (for many of the diseases it mentions to cure) through his friends, and in nearly every instance it was effectual.

BRISTOL'S

Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier

— OF THE —

BLOOD AND HUMORS

The Old Cradle.

BY E. M. GRIFFITH.

I'm banished to the garret now;
My busy days are o'er;
Within my sheltering embrace
The babies sleep no more.
No more, as in the by-gone hours,
My drowsy beat keeps time
In patient, sleepy monotone
With the old nursery rhyme,
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The last rays of the setting sun
Slant through the windows small;
They light the garret's dusky gloom,
And on my head they fall.
Along their level bars of gold
Old pictures come and go;
Again I hear the mother's voice
Singing so soft and low,
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

Ah me! where once the baby heads
The downy pillows prest,
Within my ample oaken hood
The spider has her nest.
Empty, forgotten, and alone,
A useless thing am I,
The last words of the quaint old song
Fall like a parting sigh,
"When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down will go baby and cradle and all."

Any woman who reads the following letter, and is anxious to be cured, may get one month's treatment for $1, or a free trial sample of Dr. Kilmer's Wonderful "Olive Branch" Specific by addressing.

MRS. R. W. TROTTER,
5 Richmond Street W., Toronto.

Camden, Oct. 27th, 1889

DR. KILMER,

Dear Sir:—I thank the Lord for placing the Wonderful "Olive Branch" Specific and Famous Blood, Liver and Stomach Powders in your hands, and for putting it in the heart of Mrs. W. Smith to visit me and urge me to use your WONDERFUL REMEDIES. I was afflicted for more than 23 years with female complaints. I had doctored with doctors of all schools and none gave me permanent relief. As a last resort I was taken to the hospital in Philadelphia, and the Professor told me the only remedy was the knife. But I would not consent to be given relief at the risk of my life, so I was brought home again to suffer and die a natural death. I was on the verge of the grave and prayed God to send death to relieve me of my sufferings. I was reduced to about 95 pounds in weight. My husband paid out $500 for my relief, but in vain. At last the "Olive Branch" (God bless it) reached me through your agent, Mrs. W. Smith. I commenced to use it in conjunction with your Powders on the 1st of September, 1888, and up to the time I was wholly restored, has used nine boxes of the "Olive Branch" Specific, and four boxes of the Powders.

Thirty large pieces of congulated matter passed from me, and to-day I am a well woman, weighing 150 pounds.

May God bless your efforts in extending the "Olive Branch" of peace to women far and near.

You are at liberty to use my humble testimony, and if you do I pray that it may result in bringing relief to some poor sufferer through the medium of your blessed "Olive Branch."

The doors of our home stand wide open to all wishing to know all about my wonderful cure. My heart speaks thanks my pen can't describe. In gratitude I shall always remain,

Your Friend,
MRS. MARY A. HENDERSON.

AMERICAN FAIR.

334 Yonge St., Toronto. Telephone 2033.

Have received this week the following, and we attach herewith prices as we sell them: Invalids' Tables, price $2.48, finely finished black walnut, beautiful piece of furniture; one obliged to eat in bed ought to get well in half the time with this very useful thing. Ironing Tables, most approved patterns, $1.83. A model Pastry Board 42c. Towel Racks 84c., worth $1.50. Towel Rolls, all well finished, hardwood, 10c. each. Butter Moulds, individual, 9c. each; ½ lb. 28c., and 1 lb. 32c. Towel Arm Racks, 14c. each. These are all best quality and finely finished goods. We call your attention to our 4c. line of Books on Bargain Tables—1st, an excellent Cook Book; 2nd, one of the best treatises on the Horse and His Diseases; 3rd, The Art of Dressmaking and Fancy Work—only one each of these books to a customer.

WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

DR. NICHOLS'

Food of Health

For Children and Adults.

Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

FRANKS & CO., London, England, Proprietors.

Montreal Office, 17 St. John Street.

Dr. T. R. Allinson, L.R.C.P., London, says: "I like Dr. Nichols' 'Food of Health' very much and find it of great dietetic value in many diseases. As a breakfast dish I prefer it to oatmeal. For the regulation of the bowels it cannot be surpassed." Send for sample FREE.

BENTLEY & BROWNELL

THE LEADING

PORTRAIT - ARTISTS

OF CANADA.

What everybody says must be so, and they all say that our Portraits are the best.

1.—They will last as well as oil.
2.—Will look well in any light.
3.—Will never crack and peal off or fade.
4.—Are equal to a steel engraving.

A call at our rooms will convince you that the above is true.

"TRUTH"

-:Bible Competition:-

NO. 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, providing always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINGS; 2, LEGS; 3, FEET.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, one Very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm	$500
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, $40	280
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, $30	300
Next twenty-nine, each a complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20	580
Next fifty, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	15

SECOND REWARDS.

First one, Fifty Dollars Cash	50
Next ten, each Five Dollars in cash	50
Next, fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch good movement, $45	315
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dore Bible Gallery, $7	133
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell	21

THIRD REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm	500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper cruet, new design, $5	55
Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, $3	75
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165
Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet, $5	150

FOURTH REWARDS.

First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH	350
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 41 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, $10	170
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound Volume of Life in the Highlands, $2	36
Next one, Family Knitting Machine	50

FIFTH REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	100
Next five, each Ten Dollars in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch good movement, $60	420
Next nineteen, each a well-bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, $2	38
Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, $1	11

SIXTH REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm	500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, $5	55
Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (5 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five each a well-bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, $3	75
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165
Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, $2	60

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold	20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	51
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing," $1	29

EIGHTH REWARDS.

First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for TRUTH	
Next ten, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, $25	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 3 vols, $15	255
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, $2	36
Next fifteen, each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress	150

NINTH REWARDS.

First one, Twenty-five Dollars in Cash	25
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, each a fine Black Silk Dress, $30	330
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing," $1	29
Next twenty-five each a copy of "War in the Soudan" $2	50

TENTH REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano	650
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movements, $50	251
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	87
Next twenty-five, each a very fine pair German Silver Sugar Tongs, $2	50

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in Cash	100
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, $60	420
Next nineteen, each a well-bound volume of Farm Treasury $2	38

TWELTH REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Rosewood case	550
Next fifteen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	45
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' solid Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, $10	200

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, $30	300
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	51
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1	29

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm	500
Next eleven, each a World's Encyclopedia $5	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Napbey's Valuable Book $2	50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for *Truth*, by Powell, Bishop & Slomer, Hanley, England	500
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported by *Truth*, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's Works bound in cloth, 5 vols, $15	255
Next eighteen, each a World's Encyclopedia, $2	36

A few names of winners in previous competitions, E. Worth, 55 Markham Street, Toronto, Piano; R. Hext, Brantford, Piano; Noel Marshell, manager Smith Coal Co., Toronto, House and Lot; Geo. Black, 11 East Avenue S., Hamilton, Piano; Caroline Pudsey 119 Berkeley Street, Toronto, $50 cash; besides hundreds of Gold Watches, Silver and China Tea Services, Black Silk Dress Patterns, Bibles, etc., etc.

One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to *Truth* with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny anyone the privilege of competing.

Truth contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, pithy, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiassed standpoint for father's reading. Contributors' Page for all thoughtful readers, Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for mothers; Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies; Choice Music and Young Folks' page for girls and boys; Copyrighted Stories and Serial Tales for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prize winners will be published in *Truth* immediately at the close of the competition, with street and number in cities where given, and post offices addresses for town, village and country, so all may be assured of the utmost fairness.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive in *Truth* office. Fifteen days after the 31st July will be allowed for letters from distant points. About 135,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Don't delay. Send now.

Address, THE PUBLISHER TRUTH, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Canada.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

12 BEAUTIFUL Chinese Handkerchiefs, with colored borders very elegant; also a genuine Asiatic Folding Fan, hand painted and very artistic. All by mail 25 cents, (stamps or silver) Address Canadian Novelty Co., Montreal, Q.

-: Canada Truss Factory :-

ESTABLISHED 1859.

F. Gross,

Gross' Chest Expanding Steel Shoulder Brace

Send for Circulars and Price List.

712 Craig St., near Victoria Square, Montreal.

Manufacturer of all kinds of

INSTRUMENTS FOR PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES, ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, ETC.

TRUSSES

Treatment of Hernia with Mechanical Appliances.

The newly-invented Spring Truss covered with soft or hard rubber, is one of the best and easiest Trusses to wear. It can be washed and used while bathing. It is admirably adapted for adults and infants.

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING AND ORDERING TRUSSES. Send circumference, one inch below highest projection of hip bone. State if for right, left or double, also age and sex. If for both sides, if one is worse than the other. Also state if you have hard work to do.

Price—Adults, single $3 or $4; double $5 or $6. Postage 25 cents.
Children " 2 or 2.50 " 3 or 4 " 15 "

Remit amount and I will forward it by Parcel Post.

My Patent Limbs are light and durable. Send for Circulars.

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Taught with the use of the Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeves a Specialty. Dresses and linings cut.

CORSETS

made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WIRE DRESS FORMS

For draping, etc.

426½ YONGE STREET,

JUST SOUTH OF COLLEGE.

B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

all blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivaled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequaled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by the use of B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, tumors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the *first* bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above-named diseases, on application to **POSTER, HILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve your discomfort and suffering and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathesome disease?

Cooler counsel prevailed—when they put the culprit in the "cooler" instead of lynching him, as at first proposed.

A Fair Trial

is all that is asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in all blood taints, or skin diseases, eruptions, blotches, pimples, and scrofulous sores and swellings. *If it don't cure, you get your money back.*

"I think you have a very striking face," as the nail head said to the hammer.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules, have no e qual. 25 cents a vial: one a dose. Cures headache, constipation, biliousness, and indigestion.

When an author wants to write "spirited" conversations, he gets drunk.

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectually and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

Patti refused $1,000 for an essay on the voice—said she hadn't time to write it. Foolish girl; doesn't she know that celebrities are not expected to write the essays they sign?

What it Will Do.

1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Headache
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Biliousness.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Constipation.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Dyspepsia.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Bad Blood.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Scrofula.

In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.

A sausage skin is a ground hog case.

Yellow Oil has done good work for 30 years in curing muscular rheumatism, lumbago, croup, quinsy, colds, sprains, bruises, burns and all pains and aches. It is equally good for man or beast.

Generally speaking—Women.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

When a man goes home loaded there is likely to be an explosion in the house.

Persons of Sedentary Habits, the greater part of whose time is passed at the desk, or in some way bent over daily tasks, cramp the stomach, weaken its muscles, and incur dyspepsia early. The most reliable and safest medicinal resource is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, the Great Blood Purifier, and which is especially adapted to Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation and Poverty or Impurity of the Blood.

Policeman—"How does my new club strike you?" Vagrant—"It's stunning."

Hacking coughs lacerate the lungs and beget consumption; consumption fills our cemeteries. If nipped in the bud with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, the destructive malady is deprived of its power. Pain is also subdued by this benign healing agent—corns, sores, frost-bites, burns, and other troubles.

"What is society?" It is a place where people who were poor twenty-five years ago tell of the plebeian origin of their neighbors and conceal their own humble beginnings.

For Colds or Pain.

Yellow Oil is the best remedy I ever used. I had a bealing breast 15 months ago, which was very sore. I got no relief until I tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which gave instant relief.

Mrs. Jno. Corbett, St. Mary's, Ont

For croup, quinsy or colds use Yellow Oil.

After the Arizonians got through with him the coroner cut him down and sat on him. The verdict was, from the appearance of the rope, "knot dead."

Practical Pointers.

As a simple, natural laxative, stomachic, blood, brain and nerve tonic, when taken as directed, the value of Burdock Blood Bitters cannot be overestimated, while as a cure for constipation, indigestion, liver diseases, impure blood, sleeplessness, nervous and sick headache, it is the best that money can buy.

The twelve apostles would have a hard time getting into a modern church unless they could make some arrangements with a tailor.—Puck.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Political economy—"Never buy any more votes than you absolutely need."

Ease by day and repose by night are enjoyed by those who are wise enough to apply *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* to their aching muscles and joints. A quantity easily held in the palm of the hand is often enough to relieve the most exquisite pain.

Kleptomania is rated to be, by all odds, the most lucrative form of insanity.

Furred Tongue and Impure Breath are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier.

Every man has a fool streak; it is only a matter of giving him a chance to show it.

Woomans vas weighed inder balance und vas found wanting—wanting a new bonnet.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

There was never a crank born that a shrewd worker didn't turn "it" to his own uses.

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for disease of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

"Oh, would I were a bird," he sang
Throughout the live-long day;
And passers-by in current slang
Said, "So you are—a jay!"

Biliousness and Acid Stomach.

Having used your Burdock Blood Bitters successfully for some time past for my complaint, biliousness and acid stomach, I have never found its equal.

Thomas. W. Sutton, St. Thomas, Ont.

Beauty is skin deep, and that's why it doesn't show much on the rhinoceros.

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I've been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure." Clara E. Porter.

A man should look up to his business. The astronomers always do.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes:—"I have been watching the progress of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized it having cured bronchitis and soreness of nose; while not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbours' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only to happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child."

The pictures in a rogues' gallery are not all steal engravings.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seems to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

Any woman who reads the following letter and is anxious to be cured may get one month's treatment for $100 or a free sample of Dr. Kilmer's Wonderful Olive Branch Specific by addressing Mrs. R. W. Trotter, 5 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Camden, Oct. 27th, 1889. Dr. Kilmer.

Dear Sir:—I thank the Lord for placing the Wonderful "Olive Branch" Specific and Famous Blood, Liver and Stomach Powders in your hands, and for putting it in the heart of Mrs. M. Smith to visit me and urge me to use your Wonderful Remedies. I was afflicted for more than 23 years with female complaints. I had doctored with doctors of all schools and none gave me permanent relief. As a last resort I was taken to the hospital in Philadelphia and the Professor told me my only remedy was the knife. But I would not consent to be given relief at the risk of my life, so I was brought home again to suffer and die a natural death. I was on the verge of the grave and prayed God to send death to relieve me of my sufferings. I was reduced to about 95 pounds in weight. My husband paid out $500 for my relief but in vain. At last the "Olive Branch" (God bless it) reached me through your agent, Mrs. M. Smith. I commenced to use it in conjunction with your Powders on the 1st of September, 1888, and, up to the time I was wholly restored, had used nine boxes of the "Olive Branch" specific and four boxes of the Powders.

Thirty large pieces of coagulated matter passed from me, and to-day I am a well woman, weighing 140 pounds.

May God bless your efforts in extending the "Olive Branch" of peace to women far and near.

You are at liberty to use my humble testimony, and if you do I pray that it may result in bringing relief to some poor sufferer through the medium of the blessed "Olive Branch."

The doors of our home stand wide open to all wishing to know more about my wonderful cure. My heart speaks thanks my pen can't describe. In gratitude I shall always remain,

Your Friend,
MRS. MARY A. HENDERSON.

The Georgia Railroad must be wofully behind the times; it never had a mortgage on it.

Messrs. Parker and Laird, of Hillsdale, write:—"Our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when ailments had been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners."

Lawyers are men who work with a will. Doctors often put them in the way of it.

Faces as yellow as that of the "Heathon Chinee, in consequence of bile in the blood, grow fair and wholesome-looking again when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier is used to relax constipated bowels and expel the bilious poison from the circulation. Rheumatic and blood impurities are also driven out by it, digestion restored, and the system benefited in every way by its use.

Canadian girls are fond of domestic life, but it is ruling their own domestics that they aspire to most.

Moses had Asthma.

My husband had asthma for eight years with severe cough, and his lungs also were effected. He could neither rest, work, nor get relief from any medicine he tried. Some time ago we got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and after taking six or eight bottles his cough is entirely cured, the asthma greatly relieved, and his lungs greatly benefited.

Mrs. Moses Couch, Apsley, Ont.

Things not to be Disliked.

It isn't wise, you know, to have strong likes and dislikes, especially when they are only directed against weaknesses. Life is too short, my friend, for you to hate so emphatically so many things. If you are a woman, it will affect your skin and make wrinkles come about your mouth. If you are a man it will affect your digestion.

Don't dislike the woman who is prettily gowned; she is not necessarily a fool.

Don't dislike the book that is interesting; it is not bound to be trash.

Don't dislike the music that is catching; it has a much greater mission than any of Wagner's operas.

Don't dislike a woman who changes her mind—be thankful that she knows when she has made a mistake.

Don't dislike men who dress well and are good-looking; it is just possible they are gentlemen.

Don't dislike children; remember some body had to bear with you.

Don't dislike women who have to earn their own living; there's not a single one of them who wouldn't rather have a man doing it for her.

Don't dislike this world and find it uninteresting and tiresome; you may have to go to one where things will be more intense and more distracting perhaps, but even less to be liked.

Don't dislike anything except that which I mean, low, vulgar and wicked.

For
Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa,
Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus
and all Bowel Complaints,
NO REMEDY EQUALS
PAIN-KILLER
AND
49 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains,
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and Toothache.
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☞ Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations. ☜

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A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible and instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men hove felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read th,is valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

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Mrs. Mendon, 238 McCaul Street.

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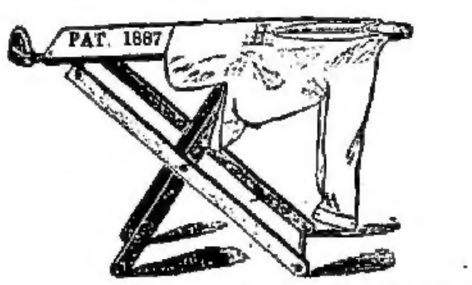

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A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE!

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and appliances on the principle that electricity is life. Our Appliances are brought direct into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

1890. A NEW LIST OF HOME TESTIMONIES. 1890.

Senator A. C. Botsford, Sackville, N. B., says Actina is good for defective eyesight. He tried it.
Rev. Chas. Hole, Halifax, N. S., recommends Butterfly Belt for general debility.
Jas. S. Musselman, Berlin, Ont., general debility and catarrh—cured.
Mrs. Geo. Planner, Toronto, Liver and Kidneys—now free from all pain and strong and happy.
John Arnott, Iona, Ont, Lame Back cured after trying everything.

D. D. Gilles, Lucknow, Ont., Dyspepsia and Kidneys—after suffering eight months—cured.
Daniel Campbell, Port Talbot, Lame Back and Headache, after suffering for years, cured in less than a month.
Mrs. Lottie Collier, Simcoe, Ont., Weakness and Spinal Affection, strength fully recovered.
G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Ont., Sciatica and Dyspepsia, 15 years, cured in six weeks.
Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, Ont., Sciatica 13 years—no pain after the first day.

A. G. Henderson, Hudson, Ont., Lame Back entirely cured.
B. C. McCord, Medicine Hat, N.W.T., Butterfly Belt worked wonders—Rheumatism, Back, Shoulders and Side.
J. Cameron, Beaver, B.C., feels like a new man after wearing our Butterfly Belt 4 weeks.
F. W. Martin, St. John, Newfoundland, suffered several years with Inflammation of the eye—Actina cured [in 2 weeks.

W. J. Gould, Gurney Stove Works—After laying off 3 weeks went to work—Wore Butterfly Belt 4 days—Sciatica.
James Story, Fitzroy, Ont., after wearing Butterfly Belt one night, attended a fair, a walking advertisement for us, 70 years old.
J. R. Johnson, Solgirth, Man., tried a hundred remedies, nothing effective, Butterfly Belt cured Biliousness and Dyspepsia.
Jas. Mansfield, Saskatchewan, N.W.T., Piles and complete prostration—completely cured.

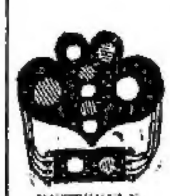
Josiah Fennell, Toronto, for six weeks could not write a letter—went to work on 6th day—Neuralgia.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
Geo. H. Bailey, Union, Ont., a suffering cripple for 17 years with Rheumatism and Scaly Sore Feet, cured in one month.
Jas. Nicholson, Zephyr, Ont., Rheumatism 18 years—Resumed work in the harvest fields the second day.

Mrs. Connell, Lambton, Ont., Catarrhal Bronchitis 2 years, relieved in one treatment; cured in one month.
L. D. Good, Berlin, Ont., cheerfully recommends Actina for Catarrh and Cold in the Head.
David Richards, Toronto, Your Butterfly Belt cured me of Liver and Kidney Complaint of long standing in 2 [illegible].
Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.

Thos. Bryan, 311 Dundas street, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
Chas. Cozens, P.M. Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks feels like his former self.

J. A. T., Ivy, cured of Emission in 3 weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith but was entirely cured of impotency. Many such letters on file.

Catarrh Impossible Under Its Influence.



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Actina Will Cure All Diseases of the Eye.

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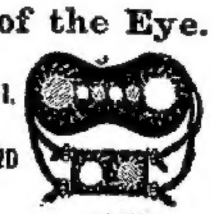

LADIES'.

NAME THIS PAPER.

W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen Street W., Toronto.

TOO FUNNY. This book showing [illegible] illustrations of a young [illegible] [illegible] FANCY PHOTOS, [illegible] U. S. SUPPLY CO., ENFIELD, OHIO.

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THE INDIAN HERB AND ELECTRIC PAD CURES All Kidney and Liver Ailments, Blood Diseases, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility and Premature Decline. Saves doctors' and druggists' bills. Agents make $100 to $300 a month. $3 sample free. Address at once, EAST INDIA CO., Jersey City, N. J.

$45 SEWING MACHINE FOR $1.
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Used Internally & Externally. Prices 50c. $1. $1.75
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Receipts for the Table.

CIRCLE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one-third cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar and one half teaspoonful of soda; flavor with lemon.

PANNIKINS.—Warm minced meat of poultry in a cream sauce, and pile in the centre of a platter. Break each egg in a hot, buttered cup, and bake until the egg is firm: turn them out, and arrange around the meat.

BUCKWHEAT MUFFINS.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda (not heaping) in two cups or one pint of buttermilk; add a tablespoonful of molasses and a little salt, and stir in one cup of sifted flour and one and a half cups of buckwheat. Bake in gem pans or muffin rings.

ESCALLOPED CLAMS.—Chop clams very fine. Season with pepper and salt, also a dash of curry powder if you like it. Have ready bread or cracker crumbs, moistened with a little milk. Put layers of these and clams in a deep buttered dish. Bake in a moderate oven for about one hour (covered the first half-hour.)

CREAM OMELET.—Three eggs, slightly beaten, three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, salt and pepper to taste. Heat and butter a pan, and when almost brown pour in the eggs; lift from the centre occasionally until the whole is soft and creamy. Brown slightly and serve hot.

PLAIN GRAHAM BREAD.—Take two cupfuls "sponge," two tablespoonfuls brown sugar, one tablespoonful salt and graham flour to make a soft dough. Mix together. Beat hard, and set to rise, proceeding as with white bread. Immediately before putting it in the oven, wash over the top of each loaf with water. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour. Make three loaves.

DRIED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—One pint of dried apples, cut, one-half pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one tablespoonful of butter or lard. Use flour sufficient to make into small biscuits, and drop into boiling water and boil quickly till the apples are done. Cut the apples into small bits with scissors, and soak in warm water before making. Eat with cream sauce flavored with nutmeg.

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5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package, of great value, WHICH LEADS ON TO [illegible] Arthur Labelle, 165 St. James St. Montreal P.Q.

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☞ Beware of Models and Machines.

The First English Bible.

The earliest attempt to make an English translation of any portion of the Bible was in 1505, when a translation of the seven penitential Psalms were made. In 1526 William Tyndale's translation of the New Testament appeared, but the edition was bought up and burned. In 1530 Tyndale published his translation of the Pentanteuch, and a year later the book of Jonah. The first English version of the whole Bible was published by Miles Coverdale in 1535, and dedicated to Henry VIII. In 1537 the next English edition, known as Matthew's Bible, appeared.

In 1539 Cranmer's Bible (so called because he wrote a preface to it), made its appearance. Richard Taverner published an edition in the same year. The "Genova Bible" (so called because the translation was made in Geneva, by several English divines), came from the press in 1557. This was the first edition divided into verses and printed in Roman letters. It was the subject of much playful criticism by reason of the last word in the translation of Gen. iii, "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." It was sometimes called "The Breeches Bible."

The "Bishop's Bible" was published in London 1568. From 1607 to 1610 a number of the most eminent divines of England were engaged in still another translation, which resulted in what has ever since been known as "King James' Bible," and which continues to be the standard version.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more srliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents.

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HEALTH PAMPHLET.

Health Without Medicine.

Read the Following Testimonial :

"DEAR SIR,—I was among the very first to order Dr. Hall's Health Pamphlet on seeing its announcement in the MICROCOSM. I was then in Washington City, and proceeded immediately to put the new treatment into practice personally and with others, more especially to test its physiological and therapeutical effects. I have become so well convinced of its value for the alleviation of many forms of disease, such as dyspepsia, lung troubles, constipation, kidney derangements, and in fact all forms of disease which have their origin in an impure state of the circulation, that I am ready to give it my unqualified indorsement as a potent adjuvant in the treatment of such cases. * * *
Jas. F. Danter, M.D., late of Toronto, now of Fresno, Cal.

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tells the secret of keeping in health by warding off disease and building up the constitution

By Rational Treatment

Circulars sent on application. Other personal references given on application.

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ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes:—"*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*"—Send Postal Note for 75 cents to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors, 836 Broadway, New York.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION,

Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine."

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WATCHES FREE. 1000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

LADY AGENTS CLEAR $10 DAILY selling "Victoria Protector" and rubber goods for Ladies & Children. Sample "Victoria" by mail $1. Mrs. L. E. Singleton, Box 665, Chicago, Ill.

STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise & instruction for 6 stamps. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

50c. Per Box.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

MAT PATTERNS—Colored of elegant designs from 20c. up. Hand Mat Hooks, 20c. Rug Machines, $1. By mail on receipt of price.

J. J. Hazelton, Guelph, Ont.

Agents wanted. Catalogues free.

"CURLINE"

Dorenwend's New Discovery.

Curls, crimps and frizzes the hair. Holds its influence for days and often weeks.

Pleasant, effective and perfectly harmless, gives lustre and beauty to the hair. Sold at 50c., 5c. extra by mail. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Will shortly be on sale by all druggists.

A. Dorenwend,
Paris Hair Works,
103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

NEW GOODS TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new stamped goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

Stamped toilet sets, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 60c., and 90c. per set of five pieces.
Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 75c., and $1.00 each.
Night dress bags, newest designs, 40c., 45c., 60c., and $1 each.
Splashers, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 40c., 50c. and 75c each.
Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c., 50c. and 65c. each.
Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c. and $1 each.
Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 55c., 75c. and 90c. each.
Stamped Umbrella Hol 'ers, newest designs 50c each.
Stamped Gentlemen's Companions, 75c. each.
Stamped Pillow Shams, 45c., 75c. and $1 a pair.
Stamped Tidys, all fringed, 25c., 50c. and 75c. each.
Stamped Biscuit Holders, new designs, 30c. each.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wools we are still selling our Berlin Wool, single and double, at 8c. per oz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, 10c per oz.
Ice Wool, all colors, 10c. per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz.
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 45c per doz.
Arrasene in all the new shades, 25c. per doz.
Felt, all new colors, 2 yards wide, 75c. and $1 a yard.
Pompons, 15 styles, 50 colors, 20c. per doz. up.

Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent, via parcel post, to any part of Canada. Our Price List will be sent free to any address.

Henry Davis,

DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 Yonge st., Toronto.

Look! Look!

1,000

Statements	$2 00
Bill Heads	2 00
Note Heads	2 00
Envelopes	2 00
Business Cards	2 00
Letter Heads	3 00
Delivery Books	2 50
Shipping Tags	1 50

Orders of 3,000, $5; 5,000, $7.50.

Maxwell Johnston & Co., Job Printers
122 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

This Pen & Pencil Stamp Your Name in rubber 19cts. CARD Agts. Sample Book, 25 Designs Gold Floral, Satin Fring, Silk Bow & Ribbon CARDS FREE with every Order. Agents Wanted to sell our Cards & Novelties, Make $5. per day. ADAMS & CO., West Haven, Conn.

DR. DORENWEND'S GERMAN HAIR MAGIC

Restores Gray Hair. Removes Dandruff and Promotes the Growth.

A great preparation. For sale by all druggists everywhere. $1 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Mfr.

-: CANADA TRUSS FACTORY. :-

ESTABLISHED 1856.

-: F. GROSS. :-

Gross' Chest Expanding Steel Shoulder Brace,

Send for Circular and Price List.

712 CRAIG STREET, Near Victoria Square, MONTREAL.

——Manufacturer of——

ALL KINDS OF INSTRUMENTS FOR PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES, ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, ETC

TRUSSES.—Treatment of Hernia with Mechanical Appliances

The newly-invented Steel Spring Truss covered with soft or hard rubber, is one of the best and easiest Trusses to wear. It can be washed, and used while bathing. It is admirably adapted for Adults and Infants.

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING AND ORDERING TRUSSES.—Send circumference one inch below highest projection of hip bone. State if for right, left or double, also age and sex. If for both sides, if one is worse than the other. Also state if you have hard work to do.

PRICE.—Adults, Single, $3.00 or $4.00; Double, $5.00 or $6.00. Postage 25 cents.
Children, " $2.00 or $2.50; " $3.00 or $4.00. " 15 "
Remit amount and I will forward by Parcel Post.

☞ My Patent Limbs are Light and Durable. Send for Circulars

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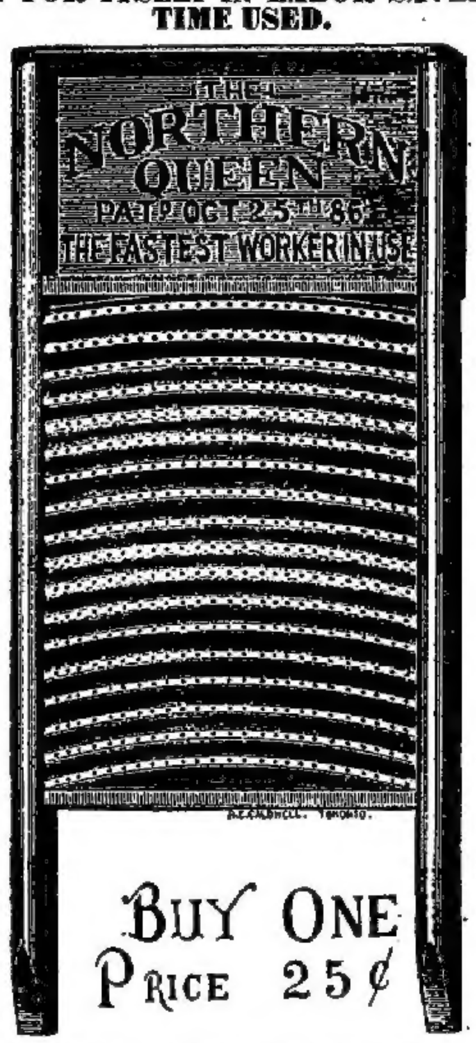
IT WILL PAY FOR ITSELF IN LABOR SAVED THE FIRST TIME USED.

This is the Only Genuine



Perforated Washboard

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
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The Pills Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of the **Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.** They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and he aged they ar priceless.

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